

THE DIAL

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THE FREEDOM OF TEACHING.

The trial for heresy has become of late years so common an incident in theological circles that a new case, unless marked by distinctive features of a sensational character, would now attract little or no attention outside of the church organization directly concerned. We have also been provided with the amusing spectacle, particularly in the South, of professors in sectarian institutions of learning brought to book for their failure to teach an astronomy or a geology or a biology in accordance with certain theological tenets based upon a strictly literal interpretation of the Scriptures. But it has been reserved for the University of Wisconsin to offer the first example, to our knowledge, of a trial for heresy in which theology has no part. To hale a public teacher of science before an investigating committee, for the purpose of examining his opinions and pronouncing upon their orthodoxy from a purely scientific standpoint, is a procedure so novel, and, we may add, so startling, that one may well pause to consider its significance, and the possible consequences of an extension of the principle thus involved.

Before discussing the subject, it may be well to recapitulate the facts. Some weeks ago, the Wisconsin State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Mr. Wells, published in a New York journal a communication upon the subject of Professor Ely, Director of the School of Economics at the University of Wisconsin. This communication, which was headed "The College Anarchist," charged Professor Ely with the justification of strikes and the practice of boycotts. He was reported to have entertained and consulted with a walking-delegate, abetted a strike in a printing-office at Madison, threatened to withdraw his custom unless it were made a union office, and to have said in conversation that union men should be employed in preference to non-union men, that only cranks had conscientious scruples against joining unions. His books, assumed to represent his teachings, were described as containing "utopian, impracticable, [and] pernicious doctrines," and as furnishing "a seeming moral justification of attacks upon life and property."

Allowing for the obvious animus of this communication, the charges made do not seem to have been very formidable. To entertain a walking-delegate may be questionable as a matter of taste, but hardly comes in the category of heinous social offences. And we do not know that a man is to be condemned outright for wishing to have his printing done in a union office. As for the other charges, it may be said that there are strikes and strikes, that second-hand reports of conversation are vague and readily colorable, and that the perniciousness of Professor Ely's doctrines, which, as Mr. Wells himself admits, "only the careful student will discover," is obviously not to be made the subject of an off-hand pronouncement. But Professor Ely's accuser, by virtue of his position at the head of the State Department of Public Instruction, making him *ex officio* a member of the Board of Regents of the State University, could not well be ignored; and, in consequence of his charges, a committee of investigation was appointed, before which Professor Ely and his accuser were summoned. The "trial" was set for the twentieth of August. As a preliminary, the committee had laid down the general principle that the investigation should not go outside the personal charges made against Professor Ely, and his actual teachings as an instructor in the University. When the committee met for its investigation, Superintendent Wells failed to appear, but was represented by a lengthy communication, of which the substance was that his opinion of Professor Ely's teachings was based mainly upon Professor Ely's books, and that to rule those books out of the investigation was to deprive the accuser of the only available means of substantiating his charges, as far as these related to the university teaching of the Professor of Economics. In the meanwhile, Professor Ely had made public denial of the personal charges, accompanying the denial with this stinging comment: "The man who makes these charges against me is well known to his neighbors as a politician of the meaner sort, who, too small to appreciate the most important trust ever committed to him, betrayed it in his insensate love of notoriety." This denial Professor Ely repeated before the committee; and Superintendent Wells, in another communication, admitted that he was unable to produce evidence in support of the charges reflecting upon Professor Ely's character as a citizen. With this episode, and some further elaboration of the controversial amen-

ities already illustrated, the proceedings practically collapsed; and at last accounts Superintendent Wells was studying Professor Ely's books for the purpose of making out his case on the score of economic heterodoxy.

Since trials for heresy are almost the order of the day, it was perhaps hardly natural to expect that they would remain confined to the domain of theology. If they are to seek other territories and other victims, there is no doubt that political science offers a promising field for the heresy-hunter. The irritant quality of political discussion is well known, and its capacity for inflaming the passions is hardly exceeded by that of theological controversy itself. Political or economic principles are often attacked and defended in a spirit of partisan bitterness which might prove instructive to the polemics of Catholicism and Protestantism, and from which Arians and Athanasians might have taken useful hints. Hence we are not surprised that a professor of political science should at last have been brought to book in the good old theological fashion, although it is of course deeply to be regretted that any field of science should suffer invasion from the spirit of intolerance, that any attempt should be made to impose opinions upon men whose only aim in life is to form rational opinions of their own and to help others in the hard struggle for truth.

We are not particularly concerned to defend Professor Ely's economic views. There is not a little justice in the charge that his books are "innocent of clear-cut thought." He is a facile writer, and an exceptionally diffuse one. His phraseology is often vague and bewildering, if not actually misleading. In reading his books, one gets the impression that the most permanent facts of political science have somehow gone into solution, and that there is little prospect of a new crystallization. These characteristics are shared with many other writers of the so-called "new school" of economics, but they are unusually prominent in Professor Ely's writings. Nor do we doubt that his doctrines have a general socialistic trend, however ingeniously he may narrow the definition of socialism for the purpose of escaping its stigma, or urge that there are far more radical socialists than himself. We do not believe that true social progress is always to be sought along the lines that he suggests, or that the principles of "orthodox" economic science are by any means as badly discredited as he insinuates.

But all this is beside the real question at issue. That question is nothing less than whether

university teaching shall be fettered or free. The great principle of *Lehrfreiheit* is involved in this episode of the trial of Professor Ely, and no one who has a realizing sense of the vast importance of defending that principle from attack can take long in judging of this particular case. We do not hesitate to characterize as an outrage the arraignment of Professor Ely before a committee charged with investigating the soundness of his scientific teaching. It is an indignity which he is justified in resenting, and which every teacher in the United States should resent with him. He was appointed to his present position on account of his scholarly reputation. That reputation has not sensibly altered in quality during his present incumbency, while it has noticeably grown with his widened opportunities. Those responsible for his appointment presumably had their eyes open, and knew what his reputation was. The position of a teacher of Professor Ely's experience should be practically unassailable, and he should be absolutely free to do his own work in his own way. The time for examination and investigation is before appointments are made, or during what may be called the years of apprenticeship, the first two or three years of work, in which a man and those responsible for him find out whether he has hit his vocation or missed it. That the beginner should be appointed from year to year, and upon probation, is both natural and necessary; that the man who has once won his professional spurs should be subject to any such chances is monstrous. Only for some offence of the grossest sort, only for something far more serious than the worst that has ever been alleged against Professor Ely, would any board of educational trustees be justified in questioning the tenure of a duly appointed teacher of experience and reputation.

For what is the alternative,—the fatal admission once made that teaching is to be controlled by boards of regents and superintendents of education? There is but one possible answer to this question. Official history, official science, and official philosophy will take the place of a teaching based upon untrammelled research and the unbiased pursuit of truth. Such a course can only spell inefficiency, hypocrisy, stagnation. "Der Wahrheit ist die Atmosphäre der Freiheit unentbehrlich," says Schopenhauer in his vigorous onslaught upon the official philosophy prevalent among the German universities in his time. Peculiarly in our own country, with a democracy that has not

yet learned the natural limitations of all democracies, that still childishly assumes the voice of the people to be the voice of God even in matters only to be judged of by the trained intellect, is such a warning needed. The authorities of the University of Wisconsin, however excellent their intentions, and however worthy their official zeal, have set, in this trial of a public teacher of science, an example of the most unfortunate character, an example only too likely to be followed elsewhere, and which, in assailing the principle of *Lehrfreiheit*, assails intellectual advancement itself in one of its most fundamental conditions.

ENGLISH AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA.*

The study of English as rhetoric and composition, and as English literature and philology, is completely differentiated in the University of Nebraska. Writing is taught on the theory that constant technical practice is necessary, but practice in the development and adjustment of meaning in the mind as well as in appropriate and effective statement. In other words, not facility with the *media* of expression, not automatism in phrasing merely, but organic, completed communication, in both matter and manner, is the aim of the study. As contributive to this end, work in oral composition or public speaking—not required, but elected very generally by the students at some period in their course—is arranged for and emphasized by the department head. Of thirteen hundred students in attendance last year, almost the entire number, excepting specials, and including nearly eight hundred young men and women in college courses, were under rhetorical instruction of some kind. One professor, two instructors, and one assistant are exclusively responsible for this work. As a division of the general subject and of university instruction, this department is known

*This article is the fifteenth of an extended series on the Teaching of English at American Colleges and Universities, of which the following have already appeared in THE DIAL: English at Yale University, by Professor Albert S. Cook (Feb. 1); English at Columbia College, by Professor Brander Matthews (Feb. 16); English at Harvard University, by Professor Barrett Wendell (March 1); English at Stanford University, by Professor Melville B. Anderson (March 16); English at Cornell University, by Professor Hiram Corson (April 1); English at the University of Virginia, by Professor Charles W. Kent (April 16); English at the University of Illinois, by Professor D. K. Dodge (May 1); English at Lafayette College, by Professor F. A. March (May 16); English at the State University of Iowa, by Professor E. E. Hale, Jr. (June 1); English at the University of Chicago, by Professor Albert H. Tolman (June 16); English at Indiana University, by Professor Martin W. Sampson (July 1); English at the University of California, by Professor Charles Mills Gayley (July 16); English at Amherst College, by Professor John F. Genung (Aug. 1); and English at the University of Michigan, by Professor Fred N. Scott (Aug. 16).—[EDR. DIAL.]

as the Department of English. The Department of English Literature, on the other hand, confines itself to instruction in literature proper, including both the earlier as well as the latest forms of development, with recognition of linguistic relations and differences between. The work begins in the second year of residence, with Anglo-Saxon and Early English. In this study there are four exercises a week throughout the year. The class is drilled daily from the start in writing forms, until, after reading fifteen or twenty pages of prose, and practically mastering the verb-groups and inflections, it is ready to begin poetry. The most imaginative parts of the "Genesis" and the "Exodus" are then used as an introduction, and by the middle of December "Beowulf" is begun. This poem is studied almost wholly as literature, and by the end of March has been read to the extent of 2000 lines or over. By making the study literary and not philologic, there is no difficulty in keeping up the enthusiasm of the class, and for three years only one student has been dropped from the roll on account of inability to carry the work. From April to the end of the year the class reads Middle English, — generally in Morris's "Specimens," with such illustration and appropriation of historical principles as can be gained by two months' companion study of Lounsbury's "History." By this year's work the student gets a general idea of the development of the literature and language to Chaucer, as also a clear appreciation of the fundamental forms and modes of sentiment in Teutonic poetry.

The study of Anglo-Saxon and Early English is prescribed in but two of the eight groups of undergraduate work. It is followed by a general survey of English literary development from Chaucer to Tennyson, three exercises a week through two semesters. This subject is taken by nearly all the students at some point in the course, being required in six out of the eight groups. Here students from the Anglo-Saxon studies of the year preceding, as also from the classical and the philosophical courses, are put at work along with men from the industrial sections, from the scientific, the agricultural, and the electrical engineering groups of study. Of the hundred and twenty members of a given class thus made up, more than two-thirds are without literary traditions or taste or training, or interest in pure literature of any sort. The theory of the work done with this class is simply that students in college have generally not yet taste for the best literature, or prepared capacity to appropriate its æsthetic meaning, but must have both aroused or enabled in them at the outset. To do this a month is devoted to inductive exercises in discriminating poetic or emotional terms and phrases from prosaic, and in interpreting metres, figures, and force. It is steadfastly believed that the study of literature as literature is impossible to minds insensible to the inner differences between prose and poetry, and blank to æsthetic challenge or suggestion. Moreover, experience with the work has not proved the existence of minds so blank or insensible as not

to yield, along with others of better traditions or training, to the influence of such first culture, or less completely and readily than they. Students from the so-called classical or literary groups do not prove superior, either in aptness or preparation, after the opening and quickening of the sensibilities, to those from the technical courses of study. Last year a University Browning Club, conceived and planned wholly from among pupils under instruction, was organized and put in operation upon a permanent basis. But the young men and women projecting it and having it in charge were from the scientific rather than the literary side of the class in question. Indeed, the success of all later courses in the department is found to be largely dependent upon the interest aroused in the first month's study. The attention of teachers yet troubled about getting their classes interested in literature is invited to the results from this manner of opening the year. It must not be imagined that the work here done has been in any way the result of expert teaching, for the tutor in charge is but a recent graduate, not yet strong in handling college classes. It is demonstrated that, with perfected instruction, out of a hundred average students fit to carry work above secondary grades, practically and positively a full hundred appreciative and even enthusiastic readers of best literature may be made. When a class has learned to read literature as literature, with true æsthetic discernment of its spiritual quality, it will go forward of its own momentum. When it is all agog, even to the last member, over "Lycidas" or the "Adonais," teaching becomes merely guidance, suggestion, is no longer dogmatic exposition or authority. It is neither just nor necessary to allow college credit for reading vernacular masterpieces, just as for Sophocles or Terence, even should considerable attention be given to the notes. The mere reading should be taken for granted, as also, — when enabled and attained, — the higher experiences from the reading. Credit should not be entered upon the books of a college for such higher experiences, but only for knowledge gained or culture won at first hand. But on the strength of interest aroused beforehand the college pupil may be led to do work that will make him a life-long interpreter of æsthetic literature, or at least save him from skepticism concerning its pretensions.

The work of this general survey, when fairly begun, consists in class study of Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Shelley, Wordsworth, and Browning. There is accompanying study of biographies and general literary history, including evolution of new principles, with systematic library readings, and preparation of notes, in a hundred representative authors. No further work in this department is prescribed. There are elective courses in advanced Anglo-Saxon and philology, Browning, Tennyson, — in conjunction with systematic criticism, — American Literature, Old Testament poetry, and theory of literary teaching. Shakespeare is made a subject by itself, being given in a first-year course on simple princi-

ples of everyday interpretation, in second-year work of a more advanced and systematic character, and finally in third-year seminary interpretation and research. There is also seminary work through two semesters in the development of literature, given last year in the evolution and history of character hints in poetry and fiction, and of certain other fundamental modes of imagination. In all there are twenty-two semester courses offered by the department, with an enrollment last year of something over three hundred and fifty names. The work is carried by one professor, one tutor, and an assistant. The energy of the department has been largely devoted for some years to the effort of securing the same definiteness and sureness of results in literature for all minds as have been reached in other subjects. Such success as has been attained has been emulated among the high schools of our State, and to a degree worthy at least of mention here. Several of the accredited schools have begun, at their own instance, to do the preliminary work of the survey class, and so well as to establish their ability to fit for college work in literature just as in Greek, mathematics, and the sciences. In fact, they have demonstrated that the proper place to open the mind to the inspiration of literature is in the secondary schools, and not the college. Some fifteen teachers of English in our fifty-five accredited academies and high schools will do the preliminary work of our survey course this year, and will do it essentially as well as we. It is our intention to recognize the quality of the work by admitting their pupils to immediate instruction in literature, by the device of an advanced division, upon entrance. Withal, the benefit of such training to those students who never go up to college is hardly to be estimated.

L. A. SHERMAN.

Professor of English Literature, University of Nebraska.

THE BRYANT CENTENARY.

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

- "O Master of imperial lays!
Crowned in the fulness of thy days;
One heart that owned thy gracious spell
Thy reverend mien remembers well;
"For mine it was, ere fell the snow
Upon this head of long ago,
My modest wreath to intertwine
With richer offerings at thy shrine.
"A guest upon that day of days,
How leapt my heart to hymn thy praise!
Yea, from that hour my spirit wore
A high content unknown before."

So read Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, with clear musical voice, from the low platform in the Bryant maple grove at Cummington, while the many invited guests beside her, and the assembled thousands in front, hung breathlessly upon her words. Of all that vast company, perhaps five thousand in number, I do not think that more than one (Mr. Parke Godwin) was present on the occasion, thirty years before, to which she made this allusion in her poem. It was the Bryant Festival at the

Century Club of New York to which she referred, held in honor of the poet's seventieth birthday, and at which George Bancroft presided as president of the club, and Emerson and Mrs. Howe were the principal invited guests. That distinguished company also included Bayard Taylor, George H. Boker, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Thomas Buchanan Read, Christopher P. Cranch, Richard H. Dana, Jr., William M. Evarts, and Richard Henry Stoddard, all of whom read poems or made speeches, besides the brilliant galaxy of artists for which the Century Club has always been noted, among them Huntington, Durand, La Farge, Bierstadt, Gifford, Kensett, J. Q. A. Ward, Whittredge, Hennessy, and Brown. The volume containing the exercises of that occasion is before me as I write, and among the numerous portraits shown is a photograph of Mrs. Howe in 1864. Time has indeed whitened her hair and deepened the lines of her face, but the firm, thoughtful brow and poetic mouth are unchanged.

Mrs. Howe's first appearance in the morning at Cummington, and the singing of her "Battle Hymn of the Republic" by the company, had been the occasion of a spontaneous burst of applause not equalled during the day; but her reading of her poem in the afternoon was marked by a quieter, if more intense, demonstration.

It was somewhat by accident that the writer found himself among the invited guests of the Bryant Centenary at Cummington, Mass., on August 16, held in honor of the one hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth at that place. How to describe the many events of the journey there and of the day itself, in one short letter, is somewhat puzzling. While the programme of exercises was carried out with complete success, and while the speakers were distinguished and their remarks worthy of the occasion, yet it was what might be called the accessories of the celebration which most impressed one visitor.

When I saw an announcement last spring that the centenary of Bryant's birth (November 3, 1794) was to be celebrated next November at Great Barrington, Berkshire county, Mass., I was somewhat surprised, for Bryant was born in Cummington, in Hampshire county, and only practiced law for a few years at Great Barrington, soon giving up the profession and leaving the place through disgust at being non-suited because of some technical neglect of a case on his part. Then last month the announcement was made that the day of birth would be anticipated for the better convenience of those who were to be present, and that the celebration would be held at Cummington. I then realized, what was probably the fact, that the Cummington people did not intend to be robbed of their town's distinction as the birthplace of the poet. Their committee, under the leadership of Wesley Gurney, Lorenzo H. Tower, and Mrs. Henrietta S. Nahmer, the secretary, took active steps to ensure a successful affair. Mr. Parke Godwin presided. He was introduced by Mr. Tower, who is librarian of the library founded by Mr. Bryant at Cummington, and who made an address to which I shall again refer. Mr. Godwin spoke, and was followed by Edwin R. Brown, of Elmwood, Ill., a native of Cummington, selected for this reason and because of his personal friendship with John Howard Bryant, only surviving brother of William Cullen, and himself a poet, also a resident of Elmwood. Mr. Brown delivered the memorial address, a scholarly production, which held the close attention of the audience for over an hour. Mr. John Howard Bryant, who carries his eighty-seven

years with a nervous yet delicate vigor, read "A Monody" on the death of his brother. Then came the singing of Mrs. Howe's "Battle Hymn," and an intermission for refreshments.

In the afternoon, besides Mrs. Howe's poem, there were addresses by John Bigelow, Charles Dudley Warner, Charles Eliot Norton, Rev. John W. Chadwick, and President G. Stanley Hall of Clark University. Controller James H. Eckels was also called on for a speech, and Mr. John Howard Bryant recited another poem, "At Eighty-Seven."

Cummington lies on the crest and at the foot of a hill in western Hampshire county, which is itself surrounded by an amphitheatre of similar hills. The nearest railway station on the east is distant some thirteen miles, and stations on the west and north are distant twenty miles. It is the centre of what are called the "hill towns" of Hampshire county, a region quite distinct from the Berkshire district made famous by the memory of Hawthorne, Herman Melville, and Miss Sedgwick. To reach Cummington from any direction, you must go over a hill,—Goshen hill on the east, from Northampton, where Cable lives, or Lightning Bug hill on the north, from Ashfield, where Curtis spent his summers for so many years, and where Charles Eliot Norton now has his summer abode. The Bryant houses are near the top of Cummington hill, the old homestead where the poet was brought up being two or three hundred feet below the other house, and it was near the homestead that the exercises were held.

A relative of the Bryant family and myself took an early start on the "electric" from Northampton to the stage terminus, the afternoon before the celebration,—and it was well for us that we did so. We established ourselves in the stage a full half-hour before the horses were attached, and found, to our surprise, that more than twice the people it would carry were waiting to take it as it was driven out. Most of these people were obliged to seek private conveyances or wait over until the next morning. Then followed a dreary three hours' pull up Goshen hill, two horses having to do the work of four. We arrived at Cummington in time to take supper and to attend a children's concert at the village church. There was a local orchestra of four or five pieces, and a chorus, both of which also took part in the exercises next day; and there were recitations from Bryant's poems and compositions by the children, all under the management of a tireless young lady resident. Looking at the children, as they were grouped in the front pews, I was struck by the preponderance of pure New England types, such a collection of which I had not seen in twenty years, or before familiar districts in New England were invaded by foreign immigration. So I was not surprised next day to learn from Mr. Tower's admirable address that "the town is still one of pure New England stock, and out of two hundred voters only three are not of American birth. . . . It is still a farming community, as it was a hundred years ago, and the farmers win a scanty living from rebellious soil." To me, this children's concert, with its manifestation of the pure native stock, was the most interesting feature of the Bryant Centenary.

Something of the same showing was evident next day, at the exercises. Many driving parties came over from the now fashionable towns of Berkshire, but the society people were practically lost in the mass of village people, numbers of whom had driven thirty or forty miles and camped out over night on the way. And such "old,

old, old, old ladies," and men, too, as there were among them, with deep lines of toil and narrow living cut into their faces. There were fashions a great deal older than those of the revived 1830 type, and there were hats worn by some old men which no words of mine could describe. Squalling babies were occasionally in evidence, and people on the outskirts of the crowd could have heard but little of the speakers' remarks, although they stood through the proceedings with eyes glued on the more distinguished, and even on the less distinguished, occupants of the platform. Among the former, in addition to the speakers, were Miss Julia S. Bryant, the daughter of William Cullen Bryant, and many members of the Bryant family, Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, and Mrs. Kate Upson Clark. A feature of the celebration was the singing of the bard-like John W. Hutchinson, the last of the Hutchinson family, who stirred the audience with his rendering of Mrs. Howe's hymn and with some of his old-time songs.

The residents of Cummington covered themselves with credit in all their arrangements for the Centenary. The disposition of the platform and seats rising up the slope of a small elevation in the grove, the plain but bountiful collation for the two hundred guests of the committee, and the convenience for stabling probably five times the number of horses ever collected in the town before, were perfect in every respect. All but the special guests of the committee brought their provisions with them, and the sight of several thousand people picnicking in the grove was something to be remembered. After the exercises I walked along "the rivulet" (the subject of Bryant's poem of that name) which runs by the old homestead, and down the hill to the monument which marks the sight of his birthplace. Looking about the wide amphitheatre of hills which stretch away on every side, in the evening glow of a perfect summer's day, it was not difficult to guess the inspiration of "Thanatopsis."

ARTHUR STEDMAN.

MRS. CELIA THAXTER.

Mrs. Celia Thaxter died at her home at Appledore, Isles of Shoals, the evening of August 26, at the age of fifty-eight. A daughter of Thomas B. Loughton, of Portsmouth, she was born June 29, 1836, in that town. When an infant, her father became a lighthouse-keeper upon White Island, and there the child spent her first eleven years. Her family then moved to Appledore, where she lived for the remainder of her life. At the age of sixteen she married Levi Thaxter, who is described as "a cultivated man who preferred this quiet spot to the noisy world." Mrs. Thaxter's first volume of poems appeared in 1872. It was followed by "Driftwood" (1879), "Poems for Children" (1883), "The Cruise of the Mystery and Other Poems" (1886), and "Idyls and Pastorals" (1887). Mr. Stedman fittingly says of her verse that it gives us "the dip of the sea-bird's wing, the foam and tangle of ocean, varied interpretations of clambering sunrise mists and evening's fiery cloud above the main." She was peculiarly happy as a writer of verse for children. In prose, a pretty volume called "Among the Isles of Shoals" was widely read; and her latest work, "An Island Garden" (reviewed in *THE DIAL* a few months ago), has been received with an exceptional degree of cordiality, bestowed upon the text quite as much as upon Mr. Childe Hassam's exquisite illustrations.

THE TRIAL OF PROFESSOR ELY.

(Special Correspondence of THE DIAL.)

Madison, Wis., August 25, 1894.

The Wisconsin State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Mr. O. E. Wells, has done for Professor R. T. Ely, of the State University, a like service to that which Professor Patton rendered Professor Swing. Whatever Mr. Wells's intention may have been, the only result can be to intrench more strongly than ever the man he has attacked, while at the same time giving him an instant national prominence which could in the usual course of things come only as the long result of time and labor. Professor Ely has the great advantage of being the first sociological heretic to be brought to book; the first of a long line to come—if we are to believe the charges and insinuations which have been lately going the rounds, that the increasing boldness of radical socialism, and even of anarchy itself, is in a large measure due to encouragement in high places. He will have the further satisfaction of not being obliged to pose as a sociological martyr also; for to be a religious martyr is not half bad in these latter days, while to be suspected of favoring strikes and anarchy butters no professor's parsnips.

Professor Ely has very likely felt that his affliction, though it endure but for a moment, is more chastening than providential; yet he may well congratulate himself that Providence chose such a very feeble rod of chastisement as Mr. Wells. No man could teach and write so much as Professor Ely without laying himself open to skilful attack at some unguarded point; but Mr. Wells has succeeded simply in furnishing in his own person another brilliant illustration of the madness which goes before the destruction of the gods.

In "The Nation" of New York, of July 12, when the public excitement over the railroad strike was at its height, there appeared a letter signed O. E. Wells, and bearing the somewhat startling heading "The College Anarchist." The letter was a column in length, but the gist of it is as follows: First, "that there is a sort of moral justification for the attack on life and property based on a theory which comes from the colleges, lecture-rooms, and latterly from the churches, and is supported by the teaching and practice of the University of Wisconsin." Secondly, Professor Ely entertained, and was in frequent consultation with, a certain "walking-delegate" during a strike which occurred in Madison in the beginning of the present year. Third, Professor Ely threatened to take his printing from a certain firm unless they employed union men. Fourth, Professor Ely declared that "a dirty, dissipated, unmarried, unreliable, and unskilled tramp, if a union man, should be employed in preference to an industrious, skilful, trustworthy, non-union man who is the head of a family." Fifth, "Only a careful student will discover the Utopian, impracticable, or pernicious doctrines [of Professor Ely's books], but their general acceptance will furnish a seeming moral justification for attacks on life and property such as the country is already becoming so familiar with."

To the Regents of the Wisconsin State University all this was "mighty interesting reading," especially as the newspapers all over the country were soon in full cry. It was "important if true," and it did not take the Honorable Board long to appoint a committee of three, which should summon accuser and accused to appear in their august presence and elucidate things. After

two postponements, all parties concerned were finally gotten together in the Law Building of the University on the evening of August 21, each of the opposing parties being represented by a lawyer. After considerable preliminary sparring between the lawyers, it became evident that the policy of the plaintiff was one of delay and of readiness to back out on any decent pretext. Mr. Wells, having accomplished his object in spreading his accusations broadcast, seemed not to be greatly interested in the investigation. The defence filed an emphatic denial of each and every charge contained in the accusations, in order. Then appeared the weakness of the plaintiff's case. Although the letter begins by first attacking Professor Ely's teachings, then his personal acts, and finally his writings, the lawyer for Mr. Wells made every possible effort to ignore all the first part and confine the inquiry to the last count only; namely, the writings. At last they were forced to confess that Mr. Wells could not possibly testify anything about the teaching, because he had never heard a single lecture by Professor Ely, and had not even read the only one of the Professor's books which is prescribed as part of the university course. Thus the first and most important part of the attack fell flat.

Much against the wish of the plaintiff, the charges referring to Professor Ely's personal acts was next taken up; and the reason of the reluctance became manifest as soon as the testimony of witnesses was taken. Every charge under the third and fourth counts was flatly contradicted, and showed conclusively that Mr. Wells had either carelessly or maliciously taken mere street gossip as a basis of his very serious public accusations, without taking the trouble to ascertain the truth. The proceedings were enlivened by several sharp verbal scrimmages between the two lawyers and the committee, to the great delight of the audience.

At this point, and at the desire of the plaintiff, an adjournment of three days was interposed to give him time to recover breath, and to collect all the damning extracts which he could find in Professor Ely's works. Thus far the investigation had been a farce; but now we were promised something very serious. The second hearing was attended by a still larger audience, including many ladies; but Mr. Wells was not in it. He had had enough.

Under such circumstances it would probably have occurred to a fair-minded man that a great wrong had been done Professor Ely, and that the least reparation possible was a full retraction and ample apology. But Mr. Wells thought otherwise. He regarded it as a fitting opportunity to send another long letter to the committee, in which he refused to be present at the investigation any further, on the plea of having been so advised by friends because of some applause that had occurred at the opening of the trial, and because of "restrictions" imposed by the committee. He reiterated several of his exploded charges, in the face of the fact that they had been disproved, and then proceeded to consider the main point, viz., the socialistic character of Professor Ely's writings. The latter part of the letter was therefore the total residuum of this formidable attack which had called forth so much comment from the press. It was chiefly an exposition of the impression produced by their perusal upon the mind of the reader; i. e., Mr. Wells's mind. He found this to be very bad. He endeavored to support his impressions by a few quotations, which, isolated from their connection, might easily assume to a willing eye the outlines of a cloven

foot. It is hardly necessary to say that almost anything could be deduced from any author by this extremely naive method of exegesis; but when the quotations were afterward read by the defence in their proper connection, the disingenuousness of the method became apparent.

That was the end of Wells. The defence now had the easy and pleasant task of repelling his last feeble attacks, by quotations from Professor Ely's works, by the oral testimony of his former students now teachers in other institutions, and by many written assurances of high regard which had been received from prominent men. Against the "impressions" which Mr. Wells's mind received from a perusal of Professor Ely's works were opposed the scholarly criticisms and endorsements of President Adams of Wisconsin University, President Andrews of Brown, Professor Small of the University of Chicago, Dr. Shaw, editor of "Review of Reviews," Mr. Carroll D. Wright, Federal Commissioner, and others. All this cloud of witnesses, while admitting differences of opinion in matters of detail, united in emphatically endorsing Professor Ely, and in repelling all insinuations that there was in his teachings, writings, or personal influence anything leaning toward or provocative of anarchy in the slightest degree. On the contrary, he has always deprecated strikes and boycotts as resulting in more harm than good to the cause of Labor.

Finally, Professor Ely, being sworn, testified that to his knowledge he had never even seen the walking-delegate whom he was accused of entertaining, nor had he consulted with any walking-delegate whatsoever.

The committee is to make its formal report to the Board of Regents, whose next meeting comes on the eighteenth of September; but there can be little doubt what that report will be. Dogberry complained, "O, that I had been written down an ass." Poor old Dogberry! If he only could have been State Superintendent of Wisconsin!

R. W. CONANT.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE PROPOSED SOCIETY OF COMPARATIVE LITERATURE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I confess I have less confidence than Professor Gayley seems to have in the study of the literature of savage tribes as affecting present canons of criticism. Literature, as we know it and are interested in it, is essentially a product of culture. What primarily concerns us is the literature of the Aryan peoples, and among them the literature which has been tinctured by, if it is not a product of, the civilizations of Greece and Rome. Among the latter I include the Scandinavian, and of course the oldest English. Among non-Aryan peoples, the Hebrews have profoundly influenced all modern Occidental literature; and among non-European civilizations belonging to the Aryan branch, we may fairly include the Hindoos, as represented by Sanskrit, and to some extent by more modern literature. If to these we add the Finnish Kalevala, and a few folk-songs which may lie beyond the Aryan pale, we have a corpus which, in my opinion, it would be well to master first, before prosecuting too far our researches into the drama of the Papuans, or the epic of Dahomey. There may well be societies of comparative literature, I grant; but I conceive that our most pressing need in this country at

present is to understand the English literature, and those most nearly allied to it, and that this object may be more directly subserved than by devoting too large a portion of our leisure to the literature of the South Sea islands.

ALBERT S. COOK.

Yale University, New Haven, Conn., August 16, 1894.

THE NEW YORK "NATION" AND ITS "COLLEGE ANARCHIST."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Now that the charge against Professor Ely has been exploded and proved to have come from a breechless cannon, hurting most the meddling one who foolishly or recklessly touched it off, one beholding the vanishing smoke-cloud may well ask how it is that so much smudge and racket should have come about so needlessly. The responsibility for the accusation and trial of Dr. Ely must be divided, it seems, between Mr. Wells, the Superintendent of Public Instruction of Wisconsin, and "The Nation" of New York; the one having written the letter containing the charges, and the other having printed it with the title of "The College Anarchist" and endorsed and followed it up editorially. Surely such charges and such an epithet could be justified, if at all, only by the most ample and unequivocal evidence of their truthfulness. The word "anarchist," as applied to a college professor, is about the most injurious that could be chosen; hardly less damaging, at the present time, than the term ex-murderer or horse-thief. It is worse, really, than to call a lawyer a shyster, a physician a quack, or a clergyman a mountebank. These have the world before them; if a public stigma is placed upon their name in one place, they can go to another region and begin anew. But a college professor has at best but few openings, and a reproach or doubt clinging to him in one quarter is pretty certain to follow him elsewhere and effectually check his career. These considerations show how serious was the moral, and presumably the legal, responsibility assumed in calling Professor Ely "The College Anarchist," and will cause the public, particularly members of Dr. Ely's profession, to look with interest for whatever of reparation may be accorded him. Even though he may have gained rather than lost by the unjust attack upon him, the principle involved is the same as in the case of those who might be equally innocent yet not so strong or able to defend themselves so successfully. Words are dangerous things, and the injury they may do is often irreparable. The word "anarchist" is coming to be used a little too freely in modern economic discussion, reminding one unpleasantly of the religious "heretic" or the political "suspect" of not so very long ago. We have had, perhaps, almost too much of the "College Anarchist," the "Anarchist Governor," the "Anarchist Preacher," etc. Sinister epithets are no better arguments than brickbats are. They ill become a dignified and influential journal, least of all one whose mission in part is to raise the standard of journalistic ethics. Such are not the examples of amenity and justice by which the manners and morals of journalism are to be improved.

C. E. S.

Chicago, August 23, 1894.

MR. THEODORE STANTON has been engaged in Paris during the last year in preparing a series of lectures on the Third French Republic, which he will deliver before the Wisconsin State University.

The New Books.

MORE NAPOLEONIC PICTURES.*

Neither the flight of time nor the growing urgency of current questions seems to abate public curiosity concerning Napoleon. In view of the multiplicity of books on the Emperor and of the temptations held out for the last half century to write them, it is rather remarkable that one of the fullest, freshest, and, in point of narrative, most trustworthy accounts, the "Memoirs of the Baron de Méneval," should appear at this late day. Few readers, certainly, are likely to accept the writer's exaggerated estimate of his hero; none, on the other hand, will question the exceptional worth of his evidence as to facts. "An honorable and a truthful man whose lips were never stained with a lie"—as M. Thiers testified in the French Parliament—Méneval was for years (1802-15) Napoleon's private secretary, his close friend, and a member of his household. He knew the Emperor as few were privileged to know him; and it is a fact to be weighed that although custom accorded Méneval the valet's proverbially fatal degree of intimacy, Napoleon remained in his eyes a hero to the end. "Faithful to his master till the grave," observes his editor, "he sought always and everywhere, with a complete conviction and the most absolute good faith, to defend the memory of this great man." Unhappily for the defender, the changed standards of a later day have wrought disastrously with the Emperor's title to greatness. The Alexanders and Tamerlanes, men whose genius for destruction filled the rude ideal of their contemporaries and made the soil they touched a Golgotha, no longer engross history; and the glory of the victor of Marengo and Austerlitz is happily paling before that of the Colberts and Turgots, real patriots whose goal was the solid prosperity of their countrymen. In view of the actual verdict of time, there is a strain of pathos in Méneval's prediction that this "common arbitrator" would justify his estimate of his master. He says:

"The revelations which time will bring will show Napoleon raised on the summit of greatness by means of which morality approves; they will show him free from all baseness, straightforward, magnanimous, ex-

empt from low passions, endowed with every kind of courage, constantly occupied with the care of ameliorating the condition of humanity, and finally moved by the noble ambition to have desired to make of France the most glorious and the most prosperous of nations; ambition too great, perhaps, in a worn-out society, for the rejuvenation of which time as well as the constancy of fortune were lacking to him."

Méneval might well have given his memoir Chancellor Pasquier's sub-title, "A History of My Time," the book being really a continuous historical narrative, interspersed with pen pictures and anecdotes of Napoleon and his *entourage*. The stories of the Emperor serve mostly to illustrate his private character, rather than to depict him as the soldier and the ruler; and here nothing is related of which the writer was not "an eye-witness or the direct depository." Familiar historical facts are passed over or but briefly touched upon, save when the writer is able to furnish fresh light, or where his version differs materially from the one accepted. The tragic story, for instance, of the Duc d'Enghien is graphically re-told with some considerable additions as to Napoleon's personal share and degree of culpability in the matter. Méneval was a fairly good hand at a portrait. His characterizations of leading personages—Talleyrand, Fouché, Murat, Moreau, the members of the Bonaparte family, Mme. de Staël, Mme. de Récarnier, and many others—are clear and pithy; and *à propos* of these portraits we may cite in passing blunt Marshall Lannes's summary, approvingly quoted by the author, of the wily Bishop of Autun:

"He used to say of Talleyrand's impassiveness that if he were to receive a kick in his seat of honor his face would not betray the event, and summed him up in this saying, which is perhaps strictly true, if expressed in somewhat too military language: 'It's a lot of — mud in a silk stocking.'"

Opening with a brief retrospect of his early life, Méneval passes on to the date of his entrance (April, 1802) into Napoleon's Cabinet, as the actual, though at first not the titular, successor of Bourrienne, who was already in disfavor. Méneval was present at the latter's final dismissal—which was certainly abrupt enough:

"The Consul said to him in a severe tone of voice: 'Give any papers and keys which you have of mine to Méneval, and withdraw. And never let me see you again.' After these few words he went back to the council, slamming the door violently behind him."

Méneval's opinion of his predecessor's celebrated memoirs deserves attention:

"I do not think that Bourrienne was the author of the memoirs published under his name. I met him, in 1825, in Paris, and he told me that he had been asked to write against the Emperor: 'In spite of all the wrong he did

* MEMOIRS ILLUSTRATING THE HISTORY OF NAPOLEON I. From 1802 to 1815. By Baron CLAUDE-FRANÇOIS DE MÉNEVAL, Private Secretary to Napoleon. Edited by his Grandson, Baron NAPOLEON JOSEPH DE MÉNEVAL. With Portraits and Autograph Letters. In three volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

me,' he added, 'I could never make up my mind to do so. My hand would wither rather.' . . . His entire coöperation in this book consisted in some stray incomplete notes which were worked out by certain professional writers. These writers, whose names are mentioned, had to make up for the insufficiency of these notes by their own researches, and with the help of materials supplied by the publisher."

Méneval ascribes Bourrienne's consent to the use of his name to the enfeeblement of his faculties, and to the financial straits which made him at the time accessible to the temptations of the publisher. Allowing, however, all possible weight to the writer's candor and opportunities, his limitation of Bourrienne's collaboration to "some stray incomplete notes" seems too patent an understatement to need disproof. Méneval's first impressions of Napoleon were most favorable:

"He spoke of my studies and of Palissot [the satirist and in the writer's youth the *doyen* of French litterateurs] with a kindness and a simplicity which put me entirely at my ease, and showed me how gentle and simple this man, who bore on his forehead and in his eyes the mark of such imposing superiority, was in his private life."

The portrait of the First Consul as the writer then saw him is thus traced:

"Napoleon was at that time moderately stout.* He was of middle height (about five feet two inches), and well built, though the bust was rather long. His head was big and the skull largely developed. His neck was short and his shoulders broad. The size of his chest bespoke a robust constitution, less robust, however, than his mind. His legs were well shaped, his foot was small and well formed. His hand, and he was rather proud of it, was delicate and plump, with tapering fingers. His forehead was high and broad, his eyes grey, penetrating, and wonderfully mobile; his nose was straight and well shaped. His teeth were fairly good, the mouth perfectly modelled, the upper lip slightly drawn down toward the corner of the mouth, and the chin slightly prominent. His skin was smooth and his complexion pale, but of a pallor which denoted a good circulation of the blood. His very fine chestnut hair, which, until the time of the expedition to Egypt, he had worn long, cut square and covering his ears, was clipped short. The shape of his face and the *ensemble* of his features were remarkably regular. In one word, his head and his bust were in no way inferior in nobility and dignity to the most beautiful bust which antiquity has bequeathed to us. . . . When in a good humor, or when anxious to please, his expression was sweet and caressing, and his face was lighted up by a most beautiful smile. Amongst familiars his laugh was loud and mocking. . . . My portrait of Napoleon would be incomplete did I not mention the hat, without trimming or lace, which was ornamented by a little tri-color cockade, fastened with a black silk cord, and the grey surtout which covered the simple uniform of colonel of his guard. This hat and this surtout, which became historical with him, shone in the

* A lady who saw him in 1795, speaks of Napoleon as "the thinnest and queerest being I ever met . . . so thin that he inspired pity." (Stendhal.)

midst of the coats covered with gold and silver embroidery which were worn by his generals and the officers of his household."

This simplicity of dress was really a matter of choice and not of affectation—as is sometimes charged. Méneval relates that, pending the arrival of Marie Louise in France, the Emperor yielded to the entreaties of the princess Pauline, an acknowledged authority in matters of taste, and ordered a magnificent suit, loaded with lace and embroidery, to grace the coming event. The finery, however, was worn but once, and was then laid aside for the plain habit of ordinary days.

Readers fond of the minuter espials of biography will not find Méneval's narrative wanting. There are many curious details as to the Emperor's domestic life and his personal habits. Of that virtue which is "next to godliness" we learn that he had his full share:

"He took frequent baths. He used to brush his arms and his broad chest himself. His valet finished by rubbing him very vigorously on the back and shoulders. He formerly used to be shaved, but for a long time, that is to say since 1803, he had shaved himself—after he had changed his valet. A small mirror was held before him, and turned as required. He then used to wash himself with a great quantity of water in a silver basin, which from its size might have been taken for a vat. A sponge dipped in eau de cologne was passed over his hair, and the rest of the bottle was poured over his shoulders. . . . His allowance for dress had at first been fixed at 60,000 francs; he reduced this amount to 20,000 francs, all included. He was fond of saying that with an income of 12,000 francs, and a horse, he should have all he wanted."

Like M. Lévy, Méneval is at some pains to show that Napoleon possessed—as he probably did—a fair share of the domestic virtues, being an affectionate husband and father, and the best of sons and brothers. Among his many engaging pictures of the Emperor's home life there is one that seems especially attractive and characteristic. Ever bent on the game or the reality of war, Napoleon had some little *manœuvre*-pieces made—bits of wood of different lengths and colors, representing regiments and divisions—with which he would try new military evolutions and combinations, setting them up on the floor to gain a larger field for the mimic campaign. Sometimes his son, the little King of Rome, would surprise him occupied with these pieces and working out beforehand one of those brilliant *coups* which so often turned the scale in favor of the French arms.

"The child, lying on the floor at his side, pleased with the color and the form of these *manœuvre* pieces—which reminded him of his toys—would at each instant

touch them with his hand and disturb the order of battle at a decisive moment just when the enemy was about to be beaten. But so great was Napoleon's presence of mind, and his affection for his son, that he did not allow himself to be disturbed by the disorder into which the child had thrown his strategical combinations, and contented himself, without manifesting any impatience, with putting the pieces back into their right order. His patience and kindness for his child were inexhaustible."

In this connection Méneval tells a touching story of the Empress Josephine. She had begged as a favor to have the King of Rome taken to her, and Napoleon yielded, despite the jealous opposition of Marie Louise, who feared the ascendancy which a woman who had once been so loved by her husband might still retain over him. Describing the meeting, Méneval says:

"The excellent Princess could not restrain her tears at the sight of a child who recalled such painful memories and the privation of a happiness which Heaven had refused to her. She embraced him with transports. She seemed to take pleasure in the illusion produced by the thought that she was lavishing her caresses on her own child. She never wearied of admiring his strength and beauty, and could not detach herself from him."

For this wronged woman Méneval has nothing but kindness, though he faintly approves, on political grounds, of Napoleon's resolution to put her aside. He was an eye-witness of the painful scene immediately following the ceremony that, as he says, "unloosened the bonds of a union which, had Josephine been fruitful, would have lasted as long as their lives":

"The Emperor re-entered his study, sad and silent, and let himself fall on the sofa where he usually sat, in complete depression. He remained there some moments, his head leaning on his hand, and when he rose his face was distorted. Orders for the departure to Trianon had been given in advance. When it was announced that the carriages were ready, Napoleon took his hat and said, 'Méneval, come with me!' I followed him up the little winding staircase which communicated between his study and the Empress's apartment. Josephine was alone, and seemed wrapped in the most painful reflection. The noise we made in entering attracted her attention, and springing up she threw herself on the Emperor's neck, sobbing and crying. He pressed her to his breast, kissing her over and over again, but in the excess of her emotion she had fainted. I ran to the bell and summoned help. The Emperor, wishing to avoid the sight of a grief which he was unable to assuage, placed the Empress in my arms as soon as he saw she was coming back to consciousness, ordered me not to leave her, and withdrew rapidly by the drawing-rooms of the ground floor, at the door of which his carriage was waiting. After the Emperor's disappearance, women who entered laid her on a couch and did what was necessary for her recovery. In her confusion she took my hands and earnestly prayed me to tell the Emperor not to forget her, and to assure him of an affection which would survive any and every event. It seemed to be difficult for her to allow me to depart, as

if my departure would break the last tie by which she was connected with Napoleon."

Josephine, says Méneval, "had an irresistible attraction."

"She was not a woman of regular beauty (she had that grace which is more beautiful than beauty's self, as our good La Fontaine used to say); she had the soft *abandon*, the supple and elegant movements, the graceful negligence, of Creole women. Her temper was always even. Good and kind, she was affable and indulgent to everybody without exception of persons. She was not a woman of superior intellect, but her exquisite politeness, her great familiarity with society and court life and their innocent artifices, always taught her at a moment's notice what to say and do."

Lacking the subtler charms of the wife she supplanted, Marie Louise had in full measure the attractions inseparable from youth and health. The author sketches her as she appeared to him on her arrival in France:

"Marie Louise, then in the splendor of her youth, had a bust of perfect regularity. The bodice of her dress was longer than used to be worn at the time, which added to her natural dignity, and contrasted very well with the ugly, short bodices of our ladies. Her face was flushed with the journey and by her nervousness. Pale chestnut hair, silky and abundant, framed a fresh full face, over which eyes, full of sweetness, spread a charming expression. Her lips, which were rather thick, recalled the type of the Austrian ruling family, just as a slight convexity of the nose is the characteristic of the House of Bourbon."

Méneval's post was no sinecure. The Emperor's prodigious activity grew with the obstacles put in his way, and taxed the strength of his secretary to the utmost. Night and day he was bound to the wheel of that restless, ever-scheming, and, in its final conceptions, vaguely-defined ambition. Says Méneval:

"It often happened that I would hand him some document to sign in the evening. 'I will not sign it now,' he would say, 'be here to-night at one o'clock, or at four in the morning; we will work together.' On these occasions I would have myself waked some minutes before the appointed hour. As, in coming down stairs, I used to pass in front of the door of his apartment, I used to enter to ask if he had been waked. The invariable answer was, 'He has just rung for Constant,' and at the same moment he used to make his appearance, dressed in his white dressing-gown, with a Madras handkerchief round his head. When, by chance, he had got to the study before me, I used to find him walking up and down with his hands behind his back, or helping himself from his snuff-box, less from taste than from pre-occupation, for he only used to smell at his pinches, and his handkerchiefs were never soiled with the snuff. His ideas developed as he dictated, with an abundance and a clearness which showed that his attention was firmly riveted to the subject with which he was dealing; they sprang from his head as Minerva sprang, fully armed, from the head of Jupiter. . . . Napoleon used to explain the clearness of his mind, and his faculty of being able at will to prolong his work to extreme limits, by saying that the various subjects were arranged in

his head, as though in a cupboard. 'When I want to interrupt one piece of work,' he said, 'I close the drawer in which it is, and open another. The two pieces of business never get mixed up together, and never trouble or tire me. When I want to rest, I close up all the drawers, and then I am ready to go off to sleep.'

We should be sorry if the foregoing extracts, selected chiefly for their graphic quality and separableness from the context, should convey the impression that the book before us is a mosaic of chit-chat and haphazard portraiture. We recall no memoir of the Napoleonic period which is less open to the charge of "scrappiness" and triviality. Méneval was a serious, retiring,* even a melancholy man — many degrees removed from the mere court *quidnunc*. His bias in Napoleon's favor was pronounced; but, allowing for this, his political and personal reflections are calm and penetrating, and they are the ripened fruit of his later years. We have alluded to his version of the d'Enghien tragedy — one of the darkest stains on Napoleon's career. The pith of the matter, as commonly understood, and the defense offered by Méneval, can be briefly stated. In 1803-4, Bonaparte, justly alarmed and enraged by the royalist plots against his life, resolved to deal his enemies a blow that should effectually check such enterprises for the future. The blow decided on was the execution of one of the royalist princes, and the victim selected was the Duc d'Enghien, the last of the Condés, a known leader of the *émigrés*, and a supposed sharer in the murderous attempt of Cadoudal and Pichegru. That the arrest of d'Enghien, then living at Ettenheim, in Baden, would involve a flagrant breach of the law of nations, gave no pause to the imperious will of the First Consul. On the night of March 15, 1804, d'Enghien was seized at Ettenheim by French *gendarmes*, haled over the frontier to Strasburg and thence to the castle of Vincennes, where he was tried by court martial, found guilty, sentenced, and put to death, all during the night of March 20, and the early morning of March 21. His request to see the First Consul might possibly have been granted by his judges; but Savary, a devoted tool of Napoleon, who had been put in charge of the platoon detailed for the execution, roughly interposed in the debate, and led his prisoner away to the castle-moat, where he was shot, with a summary barbarity worthy of the days of the Terror.

*In a note on Fleury de Chaboulon's *Memoirs*, Napoleon says: "Méneval and Fain lived in such a retired way that there were chamberlains who, after four years' service in the palace, had never seen them."

Broadly viewed, the murder (or, to use the common euphemism, the execution) of d'Enghien seems the only logical outcome of the affair from the beginning. The extraordinary preliminary step; the trial before a tribunal certain—as Méneval admits—to convict; the selection of Savary and his obvious conviction of his duty; the swiftness and secrecy of the entire proceedings — all point to the fact that the unfortunate Prince was doomed from the first, and that Napoleon was his judge. It is admitted that had d'Enghien been taken on French soil, or in battle, his sentence, while severe, would have been legal. Taken as he was on the soil of a country with which France was on the friendliest terms, it was murder. Méneval's chief defense of his master is that, expecting a final request from his prisoner for an audience, he meant to exercise clemency. He knew that conviction was certain; but he took measures — not, as is generally held, to prevent — but to assure the Prince's request for an interview reaching him. These measures, according to Méneval, were thwarted by the following singular (we are inclined to add, suspicious) incident, the facts of which, however, whatever our interpretation of them may be, the relator's character for veracity does not permit us to doubt. Pending d'Enghien's trial, Napoleon ordered his Secretary of State, Maret, to write in his name to the Councillor of State, Réal, directing the latter "to go to Vincennes, and to personally examine the Duc d'Enghien, and then to come and report the result of this examination to him, Napoleon." The fateful letter reached Réal's house at ten o'clock on the evening of the trial: but Réal, suffering from unusual fatigue, had gone to bed, after having peremptorily "forbidden his valet to wake him before five in the morning, *no matter what message might be sent to him*." The next morning M. Réal received the letter, dressed with all speed, and hastened to Vincennes — too late. "On the way he met Col. Savary, who informed him that the Duc d'Enghien's execution had taken place."

Méneval, with other panegyrists of Napoleon, failed to see or was loth to admit that his hero, like Bacon and Marlborough, strongly exemplified the truth that great mental gifts by no means imply corresponding moral ones. Napoleon's character was strangely inconsistent, and even intellectually it presents contradictions. His marvellous genius for appreciating and shaping special facts and situations was coupled with the feeblest incoherence of general policy;

and his dreams of the future, where we can divine them, were so vague, fantastic, and grandiose as almost to warrant the doubt sometimes cast upon his sanity during his later years. What was Napoleon's final goal—the consummation he had in view and toward which he strove and planned? Has anyone yet answered the question explicitly? Could Napoleon himself have answered it? The good Méneval's response, touching the "ameliorating the condition of humanity," and other benign Napoleonic aims, seems, in the light of recorded deeds, scarcely satisfactory. Nor can we admit that the crimes of a man who sacrificed to his own ends, with appalling indifference, the lives, liberties, and happiness of scores of thousands, are in the faintest degree redeemed by his half-dozen putative *bourgeois* virtues.

It remains to add that the publishers of this important work have given it the setting it deserves; and we venture to say the edition will bear comparison with the concurring French and English ones. The good work of the translator, Mr. Robt. H. Sherard, calls for a word of praise.

E. G. J.

PROBLEMS OF AMERICAN LAW REFORM.*

Judge Dillon's entertaining and suggestive book on "The Laws and Jurisprudence of England and America" has many great excellences, though it is not without some striking defects of style. It is a revision of a series of lectures to the law students of Yale University on "Our Law in its old and in its new home—England and America." It deals with the sources and development of our law, and with its qualities and tendencies as now administered. Although the form of cursory oral lectures is preserved, yet Judge Dillon evidently kept in his eye several other sorts of men, among whom, plainly, were the lawyers, the guild of professors and learned men, the court-room audience to whom he for many years talked as judge, and the greater audience of the plain people to whom he was wont to speak on the Fourth of July. The book is technical without being obscure, learned in a somewhat general way, concrete and practical; and throughout it is inflated by a florid eloquence and an amplitude of quotation and literary allusion in which the author delights, and from which he cannot always restrain himself. Judge Dillon has evi-

dently modelled his style after Dr. Johnson; and his learning is of the stucco and decorative order, rather than of the solid and structural.

In the early part of the work he seeks to interest his students by excursions into the antiquities of the law, the ancient degrees and ceremonies of the English lawyers, descriptions of Westminster Hall and of the Inns of Court, and the like. He then didactically explains the development of the judicial system of the United States, the adoption of our written constitutions, with their *rationale*, limitations, and guarantees.

In the last five lectures he takes up his real theme, the development of our law by the authority of judicial precedent; or, in other words, the rule that a decision by a court of competent jurisdiction, in a question of law directly involved in the case before it, is (until overruled by the same or a superior court) binding, not only in that case, but in all subsequent cases in which that question is involved. To this doctrine we owe the accumulation of some eight thousand volumes of the best law in the world. And Judge Dillon concedes that if these eight thousand volumes (together with sundry other thousand volumes of statutes and text-books) were only all *studied* by our lawyers and legislators, they would scarcely need to take a step in the dark. But our author recognizes that the legislatures have never done this to any great extent; that even the judges are now beginning to lose something of the studious habits which aimed to keep these books in mind; and that as the courts and report-factories go on turning out precedents at the rate of upwards of a hundred volumes a year, even the lawyers—most patient of men—are likely to be overwhelmed, and lose their studious habits ere long. Judge Dillon therefore maintains that the time has come for a *systematic restatement of the body of our statutory and case law*.

Judge Dillon is by nature a progressive man and a reformer; he is at the same time a lover of learning and a diplomat. Even forty years of experience in the legal profession, twenty of which have been passed at the bar and twenty upon the bench, have not sufficed to extinguish his native tendencies. They have, however, developed in him to an unusual degree the conviction that the reformation of the law is best to be accomplished by conserving the fruits of our legal development, and by securing, first of all, an adequate re-statement of the law as it exists to-day, omitting all that has been repealed or overruled, and all that has become

*THE LAWS AND JURISPRUDENCE OF ENGLAND AND AMERICA. By John F. Dillon. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

obsolete. He is therefore among the most practical of law reformers. Many years ago Tocqueville pointed out that the effect of a lawyer's experience is to render him conservative, and that in America the legal profession constitutes both the real aristocracy and the bulwark of the state. These ideas are strikingly illustrated in the conservative and patriotic tone of Judge Dillon's addresses, and the moderate and careful limits within which he advocates legal reforms. In his argument for a re-statement of the law, he avoids the breakers upon which most schemes of law reform have already gone down. He sums up his views in the following words:

"There inevitably comes a stage in the legal history of every people when its laws become 'so voluminous and vast that an authoritative and systematic re-compilation or re-statement of them is necessary, to the end that they may be accessible, and of (to use, in default of a better, Bentham's uncouth but expressive word) cognoscible bulk, if not to those who are governed by them, at least to those whose business it is to advise concerning them, and to those whose duty it is to administer and apply them.'" (P. 269.)

This, indeed, is the real lesson of Judge Dillon's book. At the same time he does not fall into the common error of the advocates of a code, that of recommending the remodelling of our law after the Roman or civil code. He insists that his purpose is

"To delineate the characteristics and to exhibit the excellences of our legal system as it now exists, with a view to show that for the people subject to its rule it is, with all its faults, better than any Roman or any other alien system. It is an argument, intended to be so earnestly and strongly put as to amount to a protest, against the *Continentalization* of our law. I have a profound conviction of the superiority of our system of law, at least for our people; but I know that this estimate is not so fully and firmly held by the body of lawyers and law teachers as I think it ought to be. I have therefore thought it a fitting, if not needful, aim to inspire on the part of the profession a more thorough appreciation of it."

What Judge Dillon favors is the re-statement and gradual codification of our law, in a code which should be the natural outgrowth and expression of our law as it is; i. e., it should be truly an American code, and not an imitation of any Continental code.

The special points of superiority of the common law over the civil law,—namely, the decision and settlement of the law only upon questions actually arising and duly argued and deliberated, the jury system, the careful development of the law of evidence, the supreme value of the American system of written constitutions setting definite limits to the departments of

Government, and the independence of the judiciary in maintaining the limits set by the Constitution,—are set forth in a way to re-convince both the practical man and the student of institutions. Students of the latter class are apt to find their most abundant materials and the most learned and scholarly treatment of them in the Continental systems, and are apt to overlook the substantial and permanent advances made at home. Judge Dillon thinks, and shows, that this is simply another case of the far-away field which looks green, compared with the brown and rusty look of the field at our feet. Yet none the less does he perceive the defects in our laws, both of system and of administration. Indicating some of these defects, he says:

"Most of our appellate courts are crowded with causes, and the effect upon the judges is that they too often feel it to be an ever-pressing, paramount, all-absorbing duty to clear the docket. This mistakenly becomes the chief object to be attained,—the primary instead of a quite subordinate consideration. In the accomplishment of this end, the judges are as impatient of delay as was the wedding-guest in the Rime of the Ancient Mariner. Added to this, a majority of the appellate judges generally reside elsewhere than at the capital or place where the courts are held, and the desire is constantly felt to bring a laborious session to an end as speedily as possible, in order that they may rejoin their families and do their work in the fatigue-dress of their libraries, rather than under the necessary restraints of the term. They begrudge the time necessary for full argument at the bar. They dislike to hear counsel at length. They prefer to receive briefs. As a result, two practices have grown up too generally throughout the country, which have, as I think, done more to impair the value of judicial judgments and opinions than perhaps all other causes combined. The first is that the submission of causes upon printed briefs is favored, and oral arguments at the bar are discouraged, and the time allowed therefore is usually inadequate. On this subject I hold very strong opinions; but also hold that no opinion can be too strong. As a means of enabling the court to understand the exact case brought thither for its judgment, as a means of eliciting the very truth of the matter both of law and fact, there is no substitute for oral argument. None!

"The other practice among some, I fear many, of our appellate courts which injuriously affects our case-law is the practice of assigning the record of causes submitted on printed arguments to one of the judges to look into and write an opinion, without a previous examination of the record and arguments by the judges in consultation. This course ought to be forbidden, peremptorily forbidden, by statute. What is the most difficult function of an appellate court? It is, as I think, after the record is fully opened and the argument understood, to determine precisely upon what point or points the judgment of the case ought to rest. This most delicate and important of all judicial duties ought always to be performed by the judges in full conference before the record is delivered to one of their number to write the opinion of the court; which, when written, should be confined to the

precise grounds thus pre-determined. In respect to oral arguments, the time allowed therefore, the willingness to hear counsel, and full conferences among the judges in the presence of each other prior to decision or assigning the record to a judge to write the opinion, the Supreme Court of the United States is a model for every appellate tribunal in the country."

A stronger argument for the consolidation of our Supreme Court could not be desired. We wish that this book might be in the hands of all our judges, and especially in the hands and hearts of the present Commissioners for the Revision of the Illinois Statutes.

MERRITT STARR.

THE MENTAL GROWTH OF MANKIND.*

Mr. John S. Hittell has presented in four handsome and impressive volumes his "History of the Mental Growth of Mankind in Ancient Times." The idea underlying this work is excellent. To successfully develop it would be the achievement of genius. To say that the author fails is not severe criticism, for most men would fail. The scope of the work is outlined in a series of introductory questions occupying several pages. These questions are suggestive, and the final ones are: "Has the Celt any natural fitness for free government? Is he superior to the Teuton in delicacy of sentiment? Are the nations of Southern Europe superior to those of the North in artistic genius? Are those of the North superior in mental and physical energy?" Having propounded these and many other queries, our author says: "To these questions, which have never been answered satisfactorily, I shall offer replies, which, however weak they may be in many points, will yet, I hope, contribute a little to the stock of historical truth." One naturally feels some surprise when he fails to find any of these final questions answered.

The author coins words when he needs them. To this we have no objection, but we do wish he would not give new meanings to old words. He discusses the three culture stages, Savagism, Barbarism, Civilization; but he uses the terms in his own way.

The four volumes treat of Savagism, Heathen Barbarism, Judea and Greece, Rome and Early Christianity. The volume on Savagism is interesting,—but does not Tylor cover the same ground as well, or better? Some chapters are

* A HISTORY OF THE MENTAL GROWTH OF MANKIND IN ANCIENT TIMES. By John S. Hittell. In four volumes. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

weak. The discussion regarding the Primitive Family is particularly unsatisfactory. Has Hittell really read Bachofen? In his appendix we read: "Bachofen, who was the first to call attention to the subject, has but little to interest readers who are familiar with later writers, such as Lubbock and Lippert." If our author *has* read Bachofen, he deserves notice for having performed a feat which few have done. But he certainly has *not* read Starcke. Nowhere has he made a citation from the great Dane's work, certainly the most important of the many discussions in this subject. In this connection it is curious to read: "Other works worthy of attention are Lubbock's 'Origin of Civilization,' which gives a good summary of Morgan's ideas, Starcke's 'Primitive Family,' and Lippert's 'Kulturgeschichte' and 'Geschichte der Familie.'" There is no apparent realization on our author's part of the fact that Starcke is the exponent of ideas somewhat unlike his own or of the authors cited.

The Aztecs are discussed in Volume II., upon "Heathen Barbarism." Morgan's "Ancient Society" is quoted, but his other writings are apparently unknown, and the romantic views of past and unscientific writers are usually presented. Bandelier, unquestionably the most cautious and critical authority upon the Aztecs, is neither cited nor mentioned. The value of the discussion is at once evident.

Were we to spend time in picking out here and there the small slips and careless arguments of the four volumes, we should justly be accused of trifling. The author intends to be judicial and fair, but is dogmatic both in thought and expression. His partiality for the Greeks is marked; his dislike of the Romans is equally plain. The very word Christianity is a challenge to him. Committed to evolution, filled with admiration for *Kulturgeschichte*, optimistic in all human affairs, Hittell is delightedly conscious that the present is better than any past, that our race is better than all other races, that life is improving, and that the future is a time for still higher achievement.

We have criticised: we might criticise still more; but we admire the earnestness shown, the extensive reading displayed, and the suggestiveness of the work. To find out what contribution each culture stage and each great nation has made to the sum total of human progress, is surpassingly important. This work is an honest effort, fairly successful, to do this. As such we welcome it.

FREDERICK STARR.

ECONOMIC PRINCIPLES NEWLY STATED.*

Professor Nicholson's "Principles of Political Economy," his preface tells us, has grown up out of the class-room use of Mill, and from the need of recasting Mill's statements in the light of modern conditions and established modifications of the classical theory. This fact has determined the order and general content, and, in a highly complimentary sense, the work is an annotated Mill. Professor Nicholson, however, is by no means a mere editor. The point of view and the essential positions are those of Adam Smith; and of the economy of Adam Smith, Mill is justly taken as the classic expounder. But Professor Nicholson is himself a trained and vigorous thinker, and his treatment is fresh and dispassionate. Although frankly conservative, he has restated the English economy in full view of the criticisms of the "younger generation of economists," to whom he is inclined to concede not a little. Compared with Marshall, the book is avowedly reactionary; but it is also less original and less vital.

Professor Nicholson's excellent judgment is shown, to cite examples, in his brief exposition of methods (pp. 18-20), in his analysis of labor (pp. 75-86, the treatment of *moral activities* excepted), in his criticisms of Mill's propositions regarding capital (pp. 98 *sqq.*), and in his exposition of the law of population and criticism upon Mill's deductions from Malthus (pp. 164, 169, 175 *sqq.*). His conservatism on minor points is exemplified by his attitude toward the attempt to establish small farms in England (146, 149), and by his condemnation of judicial rents as applied to Ireland (316, 317). Professor Nicholson's exposition of Value is reserved for the second volume; but the discussion is anticipated by a heated criticism of the notion that utility can be measured by price. For the Austrian nomenclature the author has bare tolerance, although he intimates that the "extreme limits of popular phraseology and comprehension" have long been passed (7).

In the matter of definition, Professor Nicholson reaffirms, with some asperity, the rigid boundaries of the classical school. He acknowledges, indeed, the influence of religion, art, morality, and other forces, upon the nature and causes of the wealth of nations, concedes that wealth must be considered with reference to human wants, and admits that there can be no complete isolation of economic phenomena; but—

"The economist regards man as a being who produces, distributes, exchanges, and consumes wealth, and

*PRINCIPLES OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By J. Shield Nicholson, M.A., D.Sc., Professor of Political Economy in the University of Edinburgh. Volume I. New York: Macmillan & Co.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH. By John R. Commons, Professor of Economics and Social Science in Indiana University. New York: Macmillan & Co.

PRINCIPLES OF ECONOMICS. By Grover Pease Osborne. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

considers him as a member of society, one of the objects of which is to deal with wealth" (13). "The economist fixes his attention on wealth, and only considers other social factors as far as they appreciably affect wealth; as in every other science minor causes are neglected. . . . Political economy classifies and explains certain social facts, and discovers their laws and relations, just as the natural sciences deal with phenomena of a different order. Thus, starting with private property and freedom of competition as existing facts, we may discover certain laws of rent, profit, and wages; but whether this distribution of the nation's wealth is morally just or unjust, is relegated, together with the question wherein justice consists, to ethics" (14).

Political economy may consider the influence and powers of governments, trades unions, and other groups and authorities, in altering this hypothetical distribution; it may point out the objects governments have had in mind in this regard and the difficulties in the way of attainment; it may consider possible reforms, etc. "Discussions on Socialism and similar topics have a didactic value in that they make clear by way of contrast the meaning of present institutions and methods."

So far as mere definition is concerned, there seems to be little difference among economists. Even the most wayward of the "younger generation" recognize the value of isolation and separation for purposes of analysis. But Professor Nicholson's cautions against passing from the economic to the ethical must be taken in view of his definition of sociology as an "aspiration," and his evident satisfaction (ethically speaking) with the existing order of things. Obviously, if ethics are to be rigorously excluded from economics, there can be no pertinence in the question, "What scheme of distribution is economically best?" Yet Professor Nicholson would create a sort of economic ethic, and answer, as Adam Smith did, That which enforces the greatest possible production of wealth. And, in general, if the author will not discuss the *ought*, he contrives to let us know what he thinks of other people's *oughts*. He may not say whether the "greatest happiness" theory is ethically correct or not, but if he were to doff the economic and put on the ethical ermine he would point out that "maximum freedom" is at least as attractive as "greatest happiness."

"For my own part I should not care to regard equality of distribution, even if it could be shown to be both practical and also productive of maximum happiness, as the ultimate goal of human progress. Human energies, activities, and ambitions are not to be satisfied with a dead level of placid content. . . . Even on the verbal question, I submit that the distribution which admits of the greatest liberty may be more properly described as economic than that which aims at greatest utility" (233).

But political economy is a positive science, and has to try to discover the real causes which have been and still are at work, as regards the distribution of wealth, and deduce the consequences.

"We have to explain the nature and effects of the

institution of private property, and describe and account for various species of income. Rents, wages, and profits are as definite facts as any treated of in the physical sciences."

Professor Nicholson's analysis of private property, and of freedom of competition and contract, is not especially profound or luminous, but it explains how, in his view, ethical, biological, and other considerations, are so foreign to economic discussion. The possibility of change in the methods of production, distribution, consumption, the possibility of doing away with poverty, for example, is what makes economics so fascinating to the "younger generation." To Professor Nicholson things are practically unalterable, or at least change so slowly and imperceptibly as not to interfere with the positive nature of the science. He does not merely start with private property and free competition. The permanence of competition and private property, the persistence of the virtue of selfishness, the adequacy of existing methods of distribution—these are the facts which make an appeal to ethics so futile. Mill had held to a sharp distinction between the laws of Production and those of Distribution, the former partaking of the character of physical laws, the latter being a matter of human institution only, and subject to radical change even. This distinction Professor Nicholson vigorously combats. As to the progressive betterment of society through the gradual evolution of the altruistic motives, he announces his disagreement with Professor Marshall, and holds with Stuart that "were public spirit, instead of private utility, to become the spring of action in the individuals of a well-governed state, I apprehend it would spoil all" (86).

"For my own part, in the main, I follow the older writers in thinking that the great majority of people will do most good to the public by minding their own business" (85).

"Common-sense morality, altogether apart from the sanctions of positive law, suffices with the great mass of a nation to enforce the fulfilment of what are pronounced to be the ordinary obligations of social life; but from the point of view of common sense, a man who does any work for a less price than his services will command is considered either an enthusiast, or a fool, and if he has others dependent upon him, the condemnation is more severe. The minister of religion and the minister of politics, the teacher, the physician, the lawyer, the author, and the artist, one and all—if we take the average type—need the spur of self-interest to surmount the ordinary drudgery of their calling. Being ordinary men and not brutes, they are on various occasions moved by other impulses, just as a few of their extraordinary fellows are constantly so moved. When, however, Christianity itself, dispassionately regarded by the economist, finds its earthly support in earthly rewards and honors, how can it be expected or maintained that a substitute for self-interest can be found for the ordinary business of life? The appeal to history is still more decisive, as showing that the main-spring of economic progress has been economic interest" (81, 82).

Even the abolition of slavery has been due, not to philanthropy and Christian (altruistic) principles,

but to economic interest: "It was the discovery, not that Christ had proclaimed the equality of men, but that freedom and rewards were more efficient than slavery and punishments in calling forth the energies of labor." So profit-sharing and other forms of coöperation are justified by the increased efficiency of labor.

In the concluding chapter, on Economic Utopias, the aims of modern socialism are condemned, and its success heralded as the death-blow to individual liberty, self-reliance, independence, and enterprise. And this condemnation, in due measure, is visited upon all efforts which tend to break down the principle of competition or to substitute the altruistic for the economic motive. It is only fair, however, to note Professor Nicholson's conservatism:

"I do not mean to assert that governments and societies have no industrial functions, nor did Adam Smith nor any of the great economists who have lauded the benefits of freedom and exposed the weakness of governments. But it is desirable to emphasize most that which is most apt to be forgotten, and in these days no one is likely to forget that the state and trades-unions and coöperative societies have power for good" (432).

Professor Commons's treatise on "The Distribution of Wealth" is not easy reading. It bristles with the new nomenclature, and its analysis is intricate and exhaustive, and not always helped out by the mathematical figures and formulæ. Thus, the diagram on page 147, where one side of a parallelogram represents one dose of capital and labor, the opposite side the quantity of product produced by the marginal dose, and the base the total number of doses, seems to strain geometry quite to the breaking point. These, however, are accidental features, partly due to the difficulty of the subject and partly to the unsettled condition of economic terminology. For the work itself is one of the best results of the American renaissance in pure economics. It is thorough in investigation and modest but straightforward in deduction. It nowhere departs from the rigid character of a scientific treatise, yet it has none of the painful exclusiveness with which Professor Nicholson finds it necessary to hedge about the term economic. Professor Commons does not seem to be aware that ethical considerations are uneconomic. There is no appeal to sentiment, no squinting Utopia-ward, but a profounder analysis of the nature of social and legal rights, and a clearer interpretation of the tendencies of modern civilization.

After a preliminary discussion of Value, setting forth the Austrian theory, and a brief analysis of Cost and Price, the subjects taken up in detail are, The Factors in Distribution, Diminishing Returns and Rent, and Diminishing Returns and Distribution. Land is defined as that which furnishes *room* and *situation*, the Ricardian conception of the "original and indestructible powers of the soil" being rejected.

"Not land, but capital, embodies the forces, energies, and material of nature" (29). "Soil is *capital*, and its

returns are governed by the same law as that which governs returns from machinery" (137).

Personal abilities and business privileges are not to be classed as capital.

"Capital, strictly defined, apart from individual abilities, has become the dominating instrument in the production of wealth. . . . It is the ownership of capital rather than the possession of abilities that has important bearings on the social problems of wages, interest, and profits" (44).

The law of diminishing returns is shown to be universal, applying to manufactures not less than to agriculture. The law of rent is extended to include the monopoly privileges of patents, copyrights, trade-marks, franchises, and good-will, but not capital (157, 161). The familiar no-rent agricultural land of the "older generation of economists" disappears, and with Adam Smith we again include rent in expenses of production (221). President Walker's theory of the laborer as the "residual claimant" is effectually disposed of, and monopoly privileges fall heir to the coveted position. One of the clearest pieces of analysis in the book is that of the law of wages, and of the relative influence of the standard of living and of the laborer's control over the supply of labor in determining wages (174-181).

The most interesting discussion, because most closely touching current social problems, is that which deals with Law and Rights. The discussion is based on the theory of the sovereignty of the government: "the all-powerful factor in the distribution of wealth is the sovereignty of the government"—a theory which Professor Nicholson virtually denies. All rights considered by political economy—of persons and of property—are legal rights. "Government creates, defines, and enforces these rights."

"The place of law in political economy is a subject which has received from English economists no attention at all commensurate with its far-reaching importance. . . . The English economists have taken the laws of private property for granted, assuming that they are fixed and immutable in the nature of things, and therefore needed no investigation. But such laws are changeable—they differ for different peoples and places, and they have profound influence upon the production and distribution of wealth" (59). "There are in society two lines of economic activity, the voluntary activity of individuals and associations, and the compulsory activity of governments. The first is the field of free competition and self interest; the one hitherto solely treated by the English economists. The second is the field of coercion,—of force" (61).

"Private self-interest is too powerful, or too ignorant, or too immoral to promote the common good without compulsion. The common wants of society—justice, roads, military defence, etc.—can be supplied only by compulsory contributions from individuals, and compulsory administration of government" (61).

Personal rights are life, liberty, employment, and marriage. The right to life is primary and fundamental, and this means not merely the right to protection against violence but to a share of the so-

cial product equal to the minimum of subsistence. "And this is what the State has done in two ways, through slavery and poor relief; the first for the slave and serf, the second for the freeman" (66).

It is rather startling to have the right to employment defined not merely as a legal right, but as one in effect already recognized by the State. But it is only a more intelligent and higher application of the right to live. Professor Commons insists upon the personal rights of freedom of movement and freedom of industry. And "freedom of contract is the essential right of freedom in industry." But

"The skilled, the intelligent, the educated, the gifted, laborers, those in whom intellectual and moral qualities predominate, are benefited by the freedom of contract; for the unskilled, the unorganized, the redundant laborers, those whose marginal utility is low, freedom of contract offers no help" (75). "Though the slave was compelled to work, he never suffered from that terrible evil of the modern laborer, lack of work. With the coming of freedom, the laborer was divorced from his means of livelihood, and now that all available land has become private property, and all capital is private property, the propertyless man is a dependent when work is plenty, and a vagabond when work is slack" (79).

"The right to work, for every man that is willing, is the next great human right to be defined and enforced by law" (80).

"The right to employment is simply a new application, under modern conditions, of the old right to freedom of industry. Free industry meant essentially the right to free access to nature for the production and acquisition of wealth. . . . But to-day freedom of industry is no boon except to the wealthy capitalist. . . . The great mass of the people must remain wage-and-salary-receivers. Consequently, the only way in which these people can get access to nature for production is through the recognition of the right to employment" (80, 81).

The first recognition of this right is that "wages, hours of labor, conditions of work, are to be adjudicated by the courts." But this solves only the easier half of the problem. "The most difficult part for solution is that *involuntary idleness* which attacks both employer and employee, and closes factories as a result of industrial crises and depressions." Professor Commons does not flinch from the legitimate conclusion—the right of the unemployed to have work furnished by the government. A thousand hands will be held up in horror, but when the heavens have fallen it will be found that Professor Commons has advanced the whole question to a higher plane of discussion than it has hitherto occupied. He has no cheap and ready expedients for working out so difficult a problem; but he has forecast, as Mr. Kidd has so brilliantly done, the line of social and economic evolution for the coming century.

Mr. Grover Pease Osborne's book, "Principles of Economics," is strictly unacademic. The author is widely read, he is an intelligent and acute observer, and his maxims and deductions are mainly sound and wholesome. Yet he professes to be addressing an audience nine out of ten of whom re-

gard political economy as the "science of free-trade or protection"! Such an audience could not be supposed to be familiar with modern economic reasoning, nor capable of much sustained economic analysis, and the author has strictly humored his audience. He has departed somewhat from the ordinary terms of political economy, which enables him, among other things, to escape from the rigid limitations of accurate definition. The difficult question of Value is reduced to simplicity by making a new term of utility, which is straightway confused with value-in-use. "Capital" is the most misleading term in political economy, and so we have a discussion of the "Economical Use of Produced Wealth." The necessity of the constant employment of labor is enforced, but labor-unions and strikes are classed together as causes of idleness, and coöperation is mildly recommended. If we can regard Mr. Osborne's book, not as an independent exposition of economic principles, but as a commentary on some standard treatise, we shall do most justice to the wealth of fresh illustration and the suggestiveness of many of the positions advanced.

O. L. ELLIOTT.

RECENT FICTION.*

The author of "Red Cap and Blue Jacket" is unknown to us, but he is one of those who will clearly have to be reckoned with. By the publication of this book he at once takes a place in the front rank of our recent tellers of tales. At first sight, his affinities seem to be with such writers as Mr. Stanley Weyman and Dr. Conan Doyle, and his mastery of the romance of adventure is quite equal to theirs. But there is another element, lacking in them, to which much of Mr. Dunn's success must be attributed. It is the element, if we may so express it, that comes

* RED CAP AND BLUE JACKET. A Story of the Time of the French Revolution. By George Dunn. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

MAJOR JOSHUA. A Novel. By Francis Forster. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

THE INTERLOPER. A Novel. By Frances Mary Peard. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A VALIANT IGNORANCE. By Mary Angela Dickens. New York: Macmillan & Co.

THE POTTER'S THUMB. A Novel. By Flora Annie Steel. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE EBB-TIDE. By Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.

A DAUGHTER OF TO-DAY. By Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan). New York: D. Appleton & Co.

HIS VANISHED STAR. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

CLAUDIA HYDE. By Frances Courtenay Baylor. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

RUDIN. By Ivan Turgenev. Translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett. New York: Macmillan & Co.

THE PROSE TALES OF ALEXANDER PUSHKIN. Translated from the Russian by T. Keane. New York: Macmillan & Co.

POOR FOLK. Translated from the Russian of F. Dostoevsky by Lena Milman. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

from humanistic culture, and adds to the universal appeal of romantic charm a special appeal to those who can appreciate the subtle qualities that elevate mere fiction into literature. Mr. Blackmore, at his best, illustrates this happy combination of attributes; as does also Mr. Stevenson, in a certain degree. Even the slight discursive element in Mr. Dunn's book adds to its attractiveness, for it derives from the best literary tradition. We do not seriously object to the irrelevant pages of Fielding or the rambling method of Thackeray, because we feel ourselves in the presence of a master, and the richness of the mind excuses the waywardness of its outpourings. It is something of this feeling that makes us unwilling to miss the least significant of Mr. Dunn's pages, for, if they do not always contribute to advance the story, they always provide something good in itself. It must not be imagined from the above that our author's digressions are very numerous, very long, or very far-fetched. They clearly do not produce the effect of padding, and that is enough to justify them. We quote one of them as a good specimen of the author's easy style.

"In the present refined and philanthropic age pugilistic encounters are justly reprobated, and a minute description of one would not be tolerated except in the pure pages of a Transatlantic newspaper. And, as a former Mayor of Dublin used to put out the gas when members of the Council began to exhibit the usual symptoms of Home Rule, so a prudent and scrupulous author will wrap in obscurity the degrading details of such a scene. Nowadays, personal hostilities being out of vogue—a cheering indication of social progress—people blacken each others' characters instead of each others' eyes,—an easy process, involving no bleeding except that of the pockets; and we may hopefully look forward to the time when parliamentary language, in the present revised signification of the term, will demand neither pistolary nor epistolary amends. The ascertained fact that hard names break no bones is one of the most brilliant discoveries of this enlightened age."

The following pretty conceit is one of the many passages that remind us of Mr. Blackmore's manner:

"Bell then accompanied Sibylla to her carriage, and the two young ladies exchanged kisses—a part of feminine ritual rarely omitted, however tepid may be the affection lodged within feminine bosoms. For a kiss is a species of counterpart, ranging over the diapason of feeling, from the insipidity of the octave and the counterfeit harmony of the fourth to the melting sweetness of the third, which only the mating of male and female lips may compass."

The scene of "Red Cap and Blue Jacket" is first laid (for a brief prologue only) in one of the South Sea Islands, and the time is late in the eighteenth century. The scene then shifts to a village in Scotland, whence sundry of the characters are transported to Paris. They reach the French capital in the midst of the Terror, and the Revolutionary episodes that follow make the most exciting part of the book. The character of Andrew Prosser, the Scotch pedagogue, who finds that revolution in practice is very different from what it has appeared

in theory, and who discovers that even the tyranny of the Hanoverians may have its good points, is one of the best things that have been done in fiction for many a day. The faults of the book are slight—a touch of the melodramatic here and there, and a reticence in the prologue that seems to have been designed for the express purpose of perplexing the reader (which is always bad art), and which misleads him completely until he is well along in the story.

Mr. Forster's "Major Joshua" is essentially a study of two types of character—that of the supremely selfish man for whom the book is named, and that of the woman who has never been taught the meaning of love, and whose awakening to its power may be likened to the freeing of a spring freshet in some mountain valley. Both types are considerably exaggerated, and no abnormal conditions of training or environment would make them quite probable; but the author has made them seem as real as possible, and has carried out his design consistently and forcibly. Aside from these two studies, the interest of the story is slight; but a far duller book would be redeemed by two or three such episodes as that, for example, in which the Major finds consolation for his rejection in an unusually good dinner, and in which the satisfied *gourmet* comes to think unregretfully of the disappointment of the suitor.

Mrs. Peard is too experienced a writer of novels to produce a poor story, and one may take up "The Interloper" confident of entertainment and a moderate degree of excitement. Besides these qualities, he will find much nice discrimination of character, and a pleasant equable manner of narration. The story is French, and a criminal trial furnishes it with a climax. The closing chapters, however, are the least satisfactory, and the real charm of the book is to be sought in its picture of the intimate life of a Tourangian chateau.

Heredity is the main theme of "A Valiant Ignorance," the latest work of the talented granddaughter of Charles Dickens. Although this hobby has been ridden nearly to death of late, particularly by the women, it cannot be denied that the consequences of an inherited predisposition to criminality are powerfully presented in the book before us. Incidentally, we may remark that the grotesquely inaccurate attribution of "nastiness" to the writings of Dr. Ibsen does not come with the best of grace from a writer whose strength is, after all, but a reflection from that master of dramatic analysis. Aside from its treatment of the central idea, which is so relentlessly worked out as to be rather impressive, the book is neither interesting nor exactly wholesome. Most of the characters are fairly repulsive, and those that are not, with a single exception, must be described as unsympathetic. The writer has tipped her pen with wormwood, and her work is not a fair transcript of life, not even of the artificial and empty life of London society. It is pieced out

to conventional dimensions by the trivial episodes and the drawing-room chatter to which too many of our novelists have recourse.

We all remember the thrill of gratitude with which Mr. Rudyard Kipling's first stories of India were received, and the eagerness with which we awaited further transcripts of that mysterious life which he alone seemed to have the power to interpret in terms at once intelligible to the heart and the intellect. For it was not merely a sensation that they supplied; it was rather the revelation of a hitherto dumb civilization. No one before him had made us so vividly to realize the almost unfathomable gulf between oriental and occidental modes of thought, or the fact that life in the far East is in some respects more complex than that which is our own inheritance. The facts have been so hopelessly distorted by missionaries and other biased or superficial observers that the Hindoo, in our popular consciousness, is roughly lumped with idolatrous barbarians in general, with bushmen and South Sea islanders. Mr. Kipling did not a little to adjust our ethnological perspective, and richly deserved our thanks for the instruction. We are inclined to think that the instruction is bettered by the work of a newer writer, the woman who gave us first "Miss Stuart's Legacy," then a volume of tales "From the Five Rivers," and who now gives us a stronger book than either of those. Mrs. Steel has an eye for the picturesqueness of Indian life and a sense of its psychological differentiations. She knows also the Anglo-Indian and his ways, and never forgets that in spite of his imperious grasp and firm guidance he remains a purely extraneous element in the civilization of British India. "The Potter's Thumb" is a very remarkable book. The narrative is not as lucid or as symmetrically put together as it ought to be (although in this respect it offers a marked improvement upon "Miss Stuart's Legacy"), but it displays an insight unsurpassed by the best of Mr. Kipling's work, and a rich careful coloring that makes that writer's brilliant impressionism seem relatively ineffective. Artistically, the best feature of the work is to be found in its use of the symbolism suggested by the title. It is one of the oldest figures in literature—this similitude between the shaping of the potter's clay and the making of man from the dust of the earth—and one of the most beautiful. We are constantly reminded, in reading the story, of such well-remembered lines as the Tentmaker's

"What! did the Hand then of the Potter shake?"
or of Rossetti's

"Of the same lump (as it is said)
For honour and dishonour made,
Two sister vessels,"

and haunted by other suggestions of the sort, more vaguely evoked. Yet this symbolism is not obtruded, or made too much of in any literal way.

In writing "The Ebb-Tide," Mr. Stevenson, with the collaboration of Mr. Osbourne, has once more

proved the possibility of getting along without the feminine element, of making a story so interesting that the reader forgets, until he rubs his eyes in amazement after perusal, that love has not appeared or even been suggested as a motive. Instead of a "hankering after some person of the opposite sex," to borrow a phrase of which Mr. Robert Buchanan once made unhappy use, "The Ebb-Tide" gives us hankering after gold and revenge. It is a South Sea story, like "The Wrecker," and its characters are a precious trio of disreputables, driven, as a last resort, to piracy and the attempted murder of the fourth character, an eccentric fanatic who fishes for pearls upon an isolated atoll. This fourth character does not seem to us well realized, but the three others are admirably delineated with their respective and skilfully differentiated weaknesses and iniquities. One does not often find in the pages of a book men as thoroughly alive as the vicious and vulgar cockney, the passionate and besotted sea-captain, and the decayed gentleman whose better impulses usually turn out to be nothing more than velleities—all three united in the vagrant estate of the beach-comber, for the purposes of this ingenious and highly entertaining fiction.

Miss Elfrida Bell is a young woman with aspirations, born to the uncongenial conditions that obtain in rural Illinois. She breaks her birth's invidious bar, and goes to Paris, where she becomes an art student in a famous *atelier*, and acquires emancipated views and a lofty scorn of plodding Philistine humanity. Art does not smile upon her, and so she turns to literature, removing her abode to London. She develops an enormous capacity for pose, gleefully rejects a number of devoted admirers, alienates her best friends, and finally, in a fit of pique, puts an end to her useless existence. The delineator of her career, Mrs. Everard Cotes, calls her "A Daughter of To-day," an ascription not to be admitted as truthful in any general or typical sense. Such characters are doubtless to be found among the by-products of so unsettled and feverish a civilization as just now happens to be ours, but they are in no sense characteristic of its deeper aims and energies. The author does violence, too, in more than one instance, to the probabilities of even such a study of morbid development. But she has told the story with a certain crisp animation, relieved by humorous touches; and these qualities make it interesting in episodes, if not attractive as a whole.

Miss Murfree is a novelist wise enough to limit production in the interests of patient and careful workmanship; and she has her reward. While there is nothing new in "His Vanished Star," there is complete mastery of the old material, and a sufficient differentiation of incident to nullify any possible charge of mere self-repetition. Here, as in earlier books, she succeeds in so charging with poetic energy the description of natural phenomena as to maintain the high position won by her ten or twelve

years ago. Nothing better of the sort is to be found in contemporary American literature. Nor does her sympathy with the rough Tennessee mountaineers whom she knows so well fail in any respect; the picturesqueness of their primitive society and the rude pathos of their sequestered lives appeal to us as powerfully as they did when "In the Tennessee Mountains" was published. The almost impassable gulf between such people and those produced by our bookish and sophisticated civilization is made startlingly clear, and at the same time a sort of sympathetic bridge is provided by means of which we may after a fashion mingle in feeling and thought with these untaught dwellers in the mountain fastnesses. We have noticed a few false notes in the style of this novel—such, for example, as the frequent use of the word "stellar" where "stellar" would have done as well, or better; or the conceit embodied in the description of dynamite as a "co-gent compound,"—and the propriety of the incident that gives the book its name may be questioned, since no new star or *nova* brilliant enough to attract general attention has been recorded for many years; but these are trifling matters to set against the positive achievement of the book in characterization, construction, and literary form.

"Claudia Hyde" is a love story of the sweet, wholesome, old-fashioned type, refreshing as an ozone-laden sea-breeze that purifies the air from malarious exhalations. Such a book, welcome at any time, is doubly so in an age when the art of fiction has fallen so largely into the hands of sensationalists, when morbid tales of the "Dodo" and "Yellow Aster" and "Heavenly Twins" sort "have the cry," and when popular success seems to await the most slovenly compositions, provided only they overstep the modesty of nature, scoff at the conventionalities, and ignore the fine reticence which is the last and best achievement of literary art. "Claudia Hyde" tells of the wooing of a Virginian gentlewoman by an English gentleman, makes of the tale a sweetness long drawn out, sustains the interest by many a subtle touch, and leaves the reader with a sense that somehow love has been once more set upon her rightful pedestal, after having been temporarily cast down by lewd fellows of the baser sort. The book has no ambitious aim, it struggles with no problem, it has no moral except the everlasting one of the purifying and exalting influence of a noble passion; it is simply a piece of satisfactory workmanship, embodying a lofty ideal of character, appealing to, and calculated to strengthen, the deeper and better parts of our nature.

A group of translations from the Russian claims some attention, and will be made the subject of our closing remarks. It is with peculiar satisfaction that we greet the promise of a new translation of Tourguénieff, undertaken by Mrs. Constance Garnett. It is to be made directly from the Russian, and will include the six longer novels, with introductions by "Stepniak." "Rudin," which has just

appeared, reads well in the new version, and the author of the Introduction calls it "as near an approach to the elegance and poetry of the original as I have ever come across." We have compared it with the anonymous English translation that appeared in "Every Saturday" more than twenty years ago, and the comparison is to the advantage of the newer version. Still, there are phrases in the earlier that do not appear in the later translation, which is a suspicious circumstance. The ethics of translation demand scrupulous accuracy in nearly all cases, and certainly in the case of the supreme masterpieces of literary art. It is an offence beyond forgiveness to omit a phrase or even a word of Tourguénieff without some note explanatory of the circumstances. The Introduction does not overstate the case of Tourguénieff in saying that "as an artist, as master of the combination of details into a harmonious whole, as an architect of imaginative work, he surpasses all the prose writers of his country, and has but few equals among the great novelists of other lands." We are sorry to find the absurd spelling "Turgenev" given new currency by this edition. It is also unsatisfactory to learn that only translations of the longer novels are contemplated. What we need in English, even more than those, is an absolutely complete translation of the shorter tales and sketches. At present, those who want to read "Assja," "Spring Floods," "Punin and Baburin," "First Love," "The Song of Triumphant Love," "A Lear of the Steppe," and all the others, must pick them up here and there. Even "Faust," that marvellous example of psychological insight, that piece of art absolutely without flaw, is only to be found in English in the magazines — a poor translation appearing in "The Galaxy" many years ago, a better one in "The Fortnightly Review," for last July.

The work whose performance, in the case of Tourguénieff, seems so desirable, has just been done for Poushkin by Mr. T. Keane, whose translation of the "Prose tales" of that writer fills a stout and handsomely-printed volume. The longest and most important of these tales, "The Captain's Daughter," has often been translated; the others are less familiar. Of these others there are eight, some of them mere sketches, but one, "Dobrovsky," almost equal in length and interest to "The Captain's Daughter." One cannot help contrasting the purely romantic art of Poushkin with the finished realism of Tourguénieff, and it is not easy to realize that the two men were hardly more than one generation apart.

Dostoieffski is in some respects closely akin to Tourguénieff, a relation made particularly apparent by "Poor Folk," which Miss Lena Milman has now for the first time put into English. In this delicate piece of work, with its simple story and its poignant pathos, we hardly recognize the Dostoieffski of "Crime and Punishment." It was the author's first tale, written at the age of twenty-three. When the

critic Bielinski had read the manuscript of this story, he is reported to have exclaimed to the trembling author: "Do you comprehend, young man, all the truth that you have described? No! at your age, that is quite impossible. This is a revelation of art, an inspiration, a gift from on high." The enthusiasm was fairly justified by the work. Mr. George Moore, who writes an introduction for the present translation, makes this interesting comment: "'Poor Folk' challenges comparison with Tourguénieff. I mean that we ask ourselves if it is as perfect as Tourguénieff; that it is not goes without saying. For is not Tourguénieff the greatest artist that has existed since antiquity? The form is not so pure, the divination is not so subtle, the touch is heavier. When we turn to Balzac we see that it has not the eagle flight of his genius. The subject is not grasped and torn with such fierce talons. Balzac is to Tourguénieff what Michel Angelo is to a great Greek sculptor, more complete and less perfect. Dostoieffski, in this story, may be not inaptly compared to one of the Florentine sculptors, — Della Robbia, for instance. A certain coarseness of texture alone seems to me to separate it from work of the very highest class." The Vicomte de Vogüé says of "Poor Folk": "Into this tender production Dostoieffski has poured his own nature, all his sensibility, his longing for sympathy and devotion, his bitter conception of life, his savage, pitiable pride." We do not need to further commend a work that has elicited, from critics so widely separated in time and place, such substantially unanimous tributes of praise.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

After having brought to a successful market the more kindly flowers of his proper imagining, the man-of-letters of to-day is very apt to turn some little attention to the cultivation of blue roses. They grew well in England once, these wonders, though 't was a good while ago. In the fifty years from Lilly to Shirley the Drama seemed a most natural product. But nowadays the case is very different: everyone tries his hand, although, unfortunately, no one succeeds any too well. Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Longfellow, and who not, have produced interesting specimens; but while each new plant has generally a certain charm, none of them are very hardy. There are not a few varieties, — the modern classic, the strictly closet drama, the historical play, the society comedy. Some are pretty for a season; some can be pressed, and so keep a pale beauty for a longer time; but none show signs of any great vitality. Among other workers in these flowery fields are Mr. Howells and Mr. James. As for the former, without attempting any very great things, he has certainly made a delightful success in a little

*Howells and James
as Comedy writers.*

species peculiarly his own. His farces, which have been appearing in "Harper's Magazine" during the last ten years, are now coming out in the Harper's "Black and White Series." "Five O'Clock Tea" and "The Mousetrap" are hardly the best of these fantasies, but still they are characteristically good, and it will doubtless be a pleasure to many to see them. Whatever else may be said, it will be allowed that the action is usually amusing and ingenious, that the characters are remarkably consistent and natural, and that the farces read as well as they act and *vice versa*. Somewhat more ambitious than these charming miniatures is the recent departure of Mr. James. "Theatricals" (Harper) contains two of four comedies which, as we learn from a note, were written for representation under peculiar circumstances which never came to fulfillment. Not unnaturally, then, the reader starts at a great disadvantage; and to begin anything by Mr. James with a handicap gives one but a sorry chance. One must be content, however, as the author cheerfully remarks, to get such comfort as one can,—namely, in this case, a good deal of amusement from the dialogue, joined with a wonder if, supposing the comedies had been presented, one could have followed the action and got any idea of the characters. It is not hard to give a notion of these plays of Mr. James. Imagine any of his stories with everything but the conversation cut out, and you will have something not unlike. To read them is rather more like an exacting game than one relishes at this time of the year; indeed, it may almost be wondered if the game will be worth the candle at any season. The dialogue has the usual ultra-delicate flavor, the action (where one discovers it from the enigmatic utterances) is usually preposterous, and as to the characters, so far as one ventures to infer, they are extraordinarily conventional and colorless. In a word, the plays have an interest, of course; but Mr. James's other work has so much more that one can hardly fancy that they will ever be great favorites.

John Davidson,
Scottish dramatist.

"An Unhistorical Pastoral; A Romantic Farce; Bruce, A Chronicle Play; Smith, A Tragic Farce; and Scaramouch in Naxos,"—this on the title-page, with a frontispiece by Aubrey Beardsley, is but an ominous welcome to the reader of Mr. John Davidson's "Plays" (Stone & Kimball). And yet when one turns beyond it is not as bad as one might fear. Our author, it is true, would seem to be one of the modern band of younger poets, and his work has many marks of end o' the century affectation. But still, here and there, and in some of the plays not infrequently, come snatches of very lovely verse—notes of that same fresh and pure quality that, it often seems, was last heard in England in the plays and poems of the Elizabethans. That strange delicious atmosphere that one knows so well, one feels again at times in Mr. Davidson's plays; and it is a pleasure to find the strain in work that is done today. It is a curious minglement, the preciosities

of our own time and the natural birdlike utterance of three hundred years ago. One is tempted to ask which is the natural Davidson—a *decadent* who has caught the trick of Elizabethan utterance, or an Elizabethan who has come too late. Whichever he be, he has written some exquisite poetry, which may to great advantage be looked to, although in some cases the poetry is in hiding, like a bunch of violets growing behind a lumber-pile. For, unfortunately, this happy figured speech of our older poets degenerates with fearful ease into the most tedious and prolix verbiage; and Mr. Davidson has not always been able to distinguish in his own work between one and the other. It must be confessed that there are many arid tracts in his kingdom. And another point worth mentioning is that, as one reader might say, our author has a strange sense of humor; or, as another might say, no sense of humor at all. In a writer of farces (among other things) this is hardly to the advantage of the reader. Some of Mr. Davidson's humors are not merely stupid,—they are simply marvellous, and remind us again, but by no means so pleasantly, of the Elizabethans, of interpolated comic scenes. One must certainly pick and choose with Mr. Davidson: if one pick rightly, one has an excellent reward; if wrongly, one is much bored. "An Unhistorical Pastoral" and "Scaramouch in Naxos" contain most frequently passages of fine quality, and the reader will do well to take them first. The volume is one of those nice specimens of book-making produced by Elkin Matthews and John Lane of London, and in Chicago by Stone & Kimball. It is pleasant to see such pretty books, and to handle them, even if the inside be not the finest thing in the world.

A commendable
discussion of the
Jewish Question.

While the author of "The Jewish Question" (Harper) is very much in earnest, his pages are commendably free from the acrimony usually imported into the discussion. The tone of the book throughout is sober and liberal, and the author takes up the cudgels for the Chosen People with a breadth of view and a candor as to the flaws in his own case worthy the imitation of those who disagree with him. Oddly enough, he opens with a denial that there is a Jewish Question at all—that is, a definite one capable of exact statement. Now it seems to us that there is and has been from time immemorial a Jewish Question, and that the Jew himself, with his extraordinary fealty to the spirit of archaic tribal law and tradition, is primarily responsible for it. The observation of Tacitus, who speaks of the Jews as hostile to all races but their own (*adversus omnes alios hostile odium*), measurably holds good to-day; as does that of Spinoza, who says that the racial solidarity of the Jews, despite their disorganized or dispersed condition, "is not to be wondered at when we consider how they separate themselves from all other nationalities in a way to bring upon themselves the hatred of all." Racial exclusiveness, an arrogated racial superiority, lies at the root of the

Jewish Question and keeps it alive. So long as the Jew, broadly speaking, maintains in his daily dealings one code for the Gentile and another for his brethren; so long as he refuses to blend socially with the people about him, making it a point of duty to remain essentially a stranger within the gates that shelter him, so long will there be a Jewish Question. It is easily shown that the Question loses definiteness precisely in proportion as the Jew, shaking off the superstition of his fathers, fuses with the people around him and becomes something more than a quasi-citizen with a quasi-patriotism. In the United States there is no Jewish Question—or there is at most only an inchoate one. To impute anti-Semitism to Gentile jealousy is sheer nonsense. It is not the finer superiorities of the Jew that rouse the ire of the Gentile, nor is it the Spinozas, the Mendelssohns, the Heines, or even the Rothschilds, that are responsible for the existence of the Jew-baiter. The true glory of Israel, the inspired thoughts and winged words of her poets and sages, is a part of the common glory of humanity; and humanity does not grudge the splendor of the flame that makes its own light the brighter. In the volume before us the writer discusses severally the "Mission of the Jews," their status during and influence upon the Middle Ages, "Hebraic Societies," "Money and the Jews," and he closes with a review of M. Leroy-Beaulieu's notable work, "Israel chez les Nations." The book shows learning and acumen, and should not be neglected.

Mr. Andrew Lang as a ghost-hunter.

Mr. Andrew Lang seems to have a penchant for strange titles. In a recent issue of *THE DIAL* was reviewed his "Ban and Arrière Ban," a sheaf of fugitive rhymes; and now comes a volume of prose quaintly entitled "Cock Lane and Common Sense" (Longmans). The book is not, what the reader may guess it to be, a belated version of Dr. Johnson's ghost-hunt—though some space is given to that venerable tale. It is largely a compilation of the (to some minds) fascinating order of narratives known as "ghost stories"—though to secure a place in Mr. Lang's anthology the story must be, not a piece of acknowledged fiction, but an attested "occurrence," and a matter of actual belief on the part of the witnesses. Besides the stories proper, spirit rappings, hypnotic phenomena, magic, demoniac affections, second sight, and other pleasantly "creepy" matters, are discussed, with learning and acumen, and, we need scarcely add, with some humor. Humor, however, this time by no means supplies the dominant note. Mr. Lang is, or seems to be, thoroughly in earnest—the scientific, slightly skeptical, curious investigator. Struck by the constant, wide-spread, and well-attested recurrence of the abnormal phenomena in question, and believing that the explanations hitherto offered are often absurd, seldom plausible, and never scientifically conclusive, he urges that here is a subject worthy—not of the cheap ridicule often bestowed on it—but of serious and impar-

tial investigation. While "Common Sense" figures in Mr. Lang's title, he freely disclaims in his preface any bias in favor of that boastful and overrated quality. "Common sense," he sharply observes, "bullied several generations till they were positively afraid to attest their own unusual experiences." He might have added that common sense, having discredited itself often enough by deriding Copernicus, spurning Columbus, scouting Watt, Stevenson, and Fulton, refuting Berkeley by grinning and kicking posts, etc., ought now to be convinced of its fallibility in matters out of its range; in short, that it ought by this time to have gained common sense enough to confine itself to common speculations. As to the objectivity (to risk a contradiction in terms) of the phenomena he cites, Mr. Lang remains a sturdy skeptic up to his closing pages, where he faintly admits that while "the undesigned coincidences of testimony represent a great deal of smoke," "proverbial wisdom suggests a presumption in favor of a few sparks of fire." We suspect that the "fire" will always, on investigation, turn out to be of a subjective and hallucinatory nature, and that the spectral noumena will continue, as heretofore, to elude the clutches of the keenest spook-hunter. The essays, thirteen in number, are reprinted from leading English reviews, and they contain a great deal of curious and suggestive matter.

History of the South Place Society of London.

In a neat volume of 180 odd pages, entitled "The Centenary History of the South Place Society" (London: Williams & Norgate), Mr. Moncure D. Conway sketches the story of a small but distinguished fraternity honorably known for its zeal in the cause of civil, religious, and intellectual liberty. Rooted in no fixed theological creed, and adopting as a body no set of opinions that could fetter its members, the society has endeavored throughout its career "to study carefully, and keep abreast of, the growing knowledge of the world, at whatever cost to traditional opinions or prejudices; to do this in a spirit of tolerance no less than of sincerity." The organization was founded in London by an American, Elhanan Winchester—"a true forerunner," Mr. Conway thinks, "of Channing, Emerson, and Theodore Parker." Winchester, who was by a touching incident led to give up his early Calvinism for Unitarianism, sailed for England in 1797, where he was well received by Priestley, Price, John Wesley, and others. His doctrines were still under the English penal laws; but he at once began preaching, and his congregations rapidly outgrew their chapels. It was a time of spiritual ferment, and the dissenters and the Anythingarians of all shades and degrees of nonconformity who flocked to the fold of the liberal American shepherd soon had to build for him the Parliament Court Chapel, in Artillery Lane; and there the South Place Society was organized, February 14, 1793. Mr. Conway gives a rather full account of Winchester and of his more important successors—notably William Johnson Fox, a

really eminent man. Fox was a member of Parliament, a fearless though a distinguishing radical, a noted Anti-Corn-Law leader, the founder, with Mill and Dr. Brabant, of "The Westminster Review," and the close friend of the chief English *literati* of the day. "He gave," says the author, "the first welcome to the Martineaus; and he first recognized the genius of Tennyson, and over Robert Browning's youthful work cried *Eureka!*" Carlyle said of him that "his eloquence was like opening a window through London fog into the blue sky"—adding, however, "I went away feeling that Fox had been summoning these people to sit in judgment on matters of which they were no judges at all." Mr. Conway was himself for twenty-one years the incumbent at South Place Chapel; and his account of the Society, based on four discourses given by him in 1893, may be taken to be as accurate as it is lively and sympathetic. There are a number of portraits, together with an interesting copy in facsimile of the first draft of Sarah Flower Adams's fine hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

Dumas's
Napoleon
Romances.

Under the general title of "The Napoleon Romances," Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. have added six volumes to their neat library edition of the romances of Alexandre Dumas. The works translated for this set of volumes are "Les Blancs et les Bleus," "Les Compagnons de Jéhu," "Les Louves de Machecoul," and "Les Frères Corses." These works make a tolerably connected series, and there is no doubt that a reader may get from them an exceedingly vivid, as well as a fairly accurate, impression of the Napoleonic period of French history. In saying this, we do not need to take the author as seriously as he took himself, in these words, for example: "We shall soon have covered an immense period with our stories: between the 'Countess of Salisbury' and the 'Count of Monte Cristo' lie five centuries and a half; and we are bold enough to think that concerning those five centuries and a half we have taught France more history than any historian." The present translation is in most respects satisfactory. We note, however, that in many instances proper geographical names appear in their French spelling, as Sagonte for Saguntum, Cannes for Cannæ, Prouse for Perugia, and Gênes for Genoa. These are curious lapses for anyone sufficiently familiar with French to translate at all.

Early letters
of Mr. Ruskin.

The "Letters Addressed to a College Friend during the Years 1840-1845," by Mr. John Ruskin, are published in this country by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., although the imprint of the book is that of Mr. George Allen, the author's own (we might almost say private) English publisher. As a contribution to our knowledge of Mr. Ruskin's intellectual development, these letters are of course interesting, for they show us at how early a stage certain principles of criticism had become a fixed part of his creed. They are

also interesting as showing that Mr. Ruskin's activities when just out of college were quite as multifarious as they were in later years. Absolutely, the letters have slight value, for they merely give crude expression to some of the ideas that later found much more adequate presentation. They include an essay on the question "Was there death before Adam fell, in other parts of creation?" which recalls the disputations of the schoolmen. That sort of thing, at least, Mr. Ruskin outgrew, and definitely, before he was much older. His enthusiasm for Turner appears more than once, as when, speaking of a book concerning which his opinion had been asked, he says: "I have not seen the book you speak of, but if it praises Turner *unqualifiedly* you may trust to it." The whole of Mr. Ruskin's Turnerian creed is in the following passage: "He is the epitome of all art, the concentration of all power; there is nothing that ever artist was celebrated for that he cannot do better than the most celebrated. He seems to have seen everything, remembered everything, spiritualized everything in the visible world; there is nothing he has not done, nothing he dares not do; when he dies, there will be more of nature and her mysteries forgotten in one sob, than will be learned again by the eyes of a generation."

BRIEFER MENTION.

Three reading-books for primary schools attest the growing desire to provide children with a better sort of pabulum than they have been accustomed to. "Fairy Tales for Little Readers" (Lovell), by Miss Sarah D. Burke, gives simple paraphrases of five familiar nursery classics. Miss Sarah E. Wiltse's selection of "Grimm's Fairy Tales" (Ginn) includes "stories illustrating kindness to animals and the unity of life in a variety of conditions." A more ambitious undertaking is that of Miss Mary E. Burt, whose "Stories from Plato and Other Classic Writers" (Ginn) are taken from Hesiod, Homer, Ovid, Pliny, and others, and retold in the simplest of language. These stories have stood the test of repeated use by the author, and are particularly to be commended to kindergarten and primary school teachers.

The "Elementary Algebra" written by Mr. Charles Smith and revised by Mr. Irving Stringham (Macmillan) is designed to render less abrupt "the transition from the traditional algebra of many of our secondary schools to the reconstructed algebra of the best American colleges." The book constitutes "a rounded course in what may be called the newer elementary algebra, and includes the subject-matter specified by nearly all American colleges as the requirement for admission." A book of far more elementary mathematics is Miss Florence N. Sloane's "Practical Lessons in Fractions" (Heath), following the inductive method, and accompanied by "fraction cards," a device of the writer, used with marked success in her own teaching.

The first volume of Mr. James Hamilton Wylie's "History of England under Henry the Fourth" (Longmans) was published ten years ago. It has just been reissued, in connection with a second volume, which now

first sees the light. A third volume, completing the work, is promised for next year. The volumes already published show that the labor involved in the work has been of great magnitude, and the result is in accordance with the methods of the best modern scholarship. The chronicle is too thickly crammed with notes to be easily readable, but the author's style, when it takes the form of plain narrative, has an honest directness that is at least engaging.

Mrs. Lois G. Hufford's "Essays and Letters Selected from the Writings of John Ruskin" (Ginn) is intended for use as a reading-book in secondary schools. It includes the two "Sesame and Lilies" lectures, "Unto this Last," six letters from "Fors Clavigera," and a part of "The Queen of the Air." It is supplied with notes and introductory matter, the latter appreciative and judicious in the main. While we know of no living writing of prose better fitted for school reading than Mr. Ruskin, and while we are in hearty sympathy with the general purpose of this book, we cannot regard as wise the inclusion of such matter as the chapters on what Mr. Ruskin (but no one else) fancies to be political economy. High school students are too young to discriminate between the ethical wheat and chaff of "Unto this Last," and loose thinking upon economic questions is about the last thing that should find encouragement in these days.

One of the most substantial contributions to knowledge that have resulted from the Chicago Congresses of 1893 is the handsome volume (Schulte) which contains the "Memoirs of the International Congress of Anthropology," edited by Mr. C. Staniland Wake. The papers are classified under physical anthropology, archaeology, ethnology, folk-lore, religions, and linguistics. Two supplementary papers are printed in the German language. Among the authors are Messrs. Franz Boas, Carl Lumholtz, W. H. Holmes, D. G. Brinton, Alice C. Fletcher, J. C. Fillmore, Stephen D. Peet, Cyrus Adler, and M. Jastrow, Jr. Mrs. Nuttall's paper on "The Mexican Calendar System" is to appear as a separate monograph, and is consequently not here included.

"A Gauntlet" (Longmans) is the title given by Mr. Osman Edwards to his translation of Herr Björnson's "En Hanske." It is curious that the social dramas of this great writer should have remained so long untranslated, in view of the vogue of the similar productions of Dr. Ibsen. Both writers are at their best in their earlier and more poetical works, but the pictures of society to which their later years have been devoted constitute the most striking dramatic manifestation of the present day. Between the two it is hard to choose, but in this newer field Herr Björnson is at least the equal of his famous contemporary, while a comparison of their earlier work shows him to be distinctly the greater artist. The subject of "En Hanske" has become somewhat insistent in recent literature, and it is well to remember that the discussion was practically started by the publication of this drama.

Mr. R. D. Cortina publishes a series of paper-covered texts for students of the Spanish language. This "Serie de Cortina" now includes "Después de la Lluvia el Sol," a prose comedy in one act by an unnamed writer; "El Indiano," a prose comedy in three acts adopted from García de la Vega; and "Amparo," a story from Señor Enríque Pérez Escrich. The latter two publications give the Spanish text with the English translation, a page of the one facing a page of the other. Mr. Cortina has supplied all these texts with notes.

LITERARY NOTES AND MISCELLANY.

Mr. Thomas J. Wise has just begun publication, in the pages of "The Athenæum," of his "Bibliography of the Works of Robert Browning." It will afterwards be extended, and issued in parts to subscribers.

Mr. Shadwell, of Oriol College, will select from Walter Pater's papers such matter as he thinks it advisable to publish. It is also proposed that several of Pater's friends prepare a memorial volume from their reminiscences.

The Prussian Academy of Sciences has granted to Professors Zeller and Diels \$2,000 for continuing the publication of the writings of the commentators of Aristotle. Professor Zeller took leave of his classes at the University of Berlin on August 2 with a speech in which he said that his health had always been so good that in his 110 semesters he had never missed his lectures for a single week.

Messrs. Charles L. Webster & Co. will at once publish "Max O'Rell's" new book, "John Bull & Co.," which deals with "the great colonial branches of the firm, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa." If we may judge of the whole book from the Australian chapter, which we read the other day in "La Revue de Paris," the author has abated nothing of the wit, the shrewdness, and the lively intelligence characteristic of his earlier writings.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish early this month a collection of the poems of Mr. Francis Howard Williams, of Philadelphia, author of the novel "Atman, or Documents in a Strange Case," several lyric dramas, and of a remarkable story entitled "Boscobel," published in "The Septameron" in 1888. Mr. Williams's volume of verse will be called "The Flute-Player, and Other Poems," and while containing a few pieces which have already appeared in the magazines, will be chiefly composed of unpublished poems from this poet's portfolio.

The public library at Los Angeles, Cal., recently purchased a number of French books, including the works of M. Jean Richepin. A local clergyman of the Methodist persuasion got wind of the affair, and delivered a sermon attacking the librarian (a woman, by the way), and containing this fervent supplication: "O Lord, vouchsafe Thy saving grace to the librarian of the Los Angeles City Library and cleanse her of all sin and make her a woman worthy of her office." The librarian has promptly brought suit for damages against the offending preacher.

SCOTT AT THE CLOSE OF HIS CENTURY.

Professor Charles Eliot Norton thus writes of Scott in his preface to the new edition of the latter's poems: "In looking back over this century, which is now so near its close, there is none among its conspicuous figures of pleasanter aspect than that of Scott; and of all the men who have lived during its course there is not one who has contributed more largely to the pleasure of its successive generations. This is a great eulogy; no man could desire a better. To amuse men rationally, to give them wholesome entertainment, is to do them a great service; and to do this through a lifetime more successfully than any one else, is to be worthy of lasting gratitude. This is what Scott did for our fathers, and has done for many of us, and will continue to do for many of our children. At this moment, more than sixty years after the last of his novels was written,

two popular editions of them are in course of publication; while his poems, ninety years after the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' was first published, are still the delight of youthful readers, and still charm readers of all ages by the interest of their animated narrative, the ease of the versification, and the manliness of their spirit. . . . Let us be grateful for such a gift. There is space even on the narrow shelves of the immortals for books such as his. Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth may rest on a higher shelf, but Scott will be nearer at hand for the multitude of readers, and his volumes will require more frequent re-binding."

WALTER PATER.
(July 30, 1894.)

The freshness of the light, its secrecy,
Spices, or honey from sweet-smelling bower,
The harmony of time, love's trembling hour
Struck on thee with a new felicity.
Standing, a child, by a red hawthorn-tree,
Its perishing, small petals' flame had power
To fill with masses of soft, ruddy flower
A certain roadside in thy memory:
And haply when the tragic clouds of night
Were slowly wrapping round thee, in the cold
Of which men always die, a sense renewed
Of the things sweet to touch and breath and sight,
That thou didst touch and breathe and see of old,
Stole on thee with the warmth of gratitude.

—Michael Field in "The Academy."

A MODERN BIBLIOPHILE'S LIBRARY.

Mr. Edmund Gosse tells us in one of his books that if fortune made him the possessor of one volume of excessive value, he should hasten to part with it. And yet in Mr. Gosse's library are many books of "excessive value," which, in "their redolent crushed Levant," no "Bonanza King, with millions in his bank," could restore if lost or destroyed. From a list originally started for insurance purposes, Mr. Gosse was encouraged by the solicitation of friends to make a catalogue of his collection which should serve a double purpose. "The silliest people who collect books might be considered benefactors to their species if they only would catalogue their collections," said Mr. Falconer Madan to Mr. Gosse; and his catalogue is really a benefaction for all book-lovers. Mr. Austin Dobson provides it with this cheerful Epilogue:

"I doubt your painful Pedants who
Can read a Dictionary through;
But he must be a dismal dog
Who can't enjoy this Catalogue!"

It is not given to many collectors of books to number so many poets and men of letters among his friends as does Mr. Gosse; hence few collections embrace so many volumes calculated to excite the greed of the bibliomaniac. There is a matchless set of Edward FitzGerald's books, those privately-printed Dramas of Calderon, "freely translated," the first "Rubaiyat," and the rest, nearly all of which are presentation copies, and some of which are enriched with the translator's notes in autograph. There is also a notable collection of "Restoration Dramatists," in which department Mr. Gosse's library has "no rival, public or private"; and another special department, rich in such books as Mr. William Morris's "The Defence of Guenevere" (1858)—"rubishy minor verse," Mr. Gosse *pere* called it—the mere enumeration of a few items of which might make a bibliomaniac green with envy. If "an affecting and chronic want of pounds" has precluded Mr. Gosse from purchasing "the white elephants of bibliography," the

same distressful condition has not stood in the way of his forming valuable friendships.

"'Book against book.' 'Agreed,' I said:
But 't was the trick of Diomed!

—And yet, in Fairy-land, I'm told,
Dead leaves—as these—will turn to gold.
Take them, Sir Alchemist, and see!
Nothing transmutes like sympathy."

Thus does Mr. Dobson inscribe a copy of his "At the Sign of the Lyre," "To E. W. G." And many another tome in Mr. Gosse's library bears poetical inscriptions from his "Neighbor of the near domain," and from many another friend,—inscriptions that are destined never to see the light outside the pages of this catalogue. Many of these inscriptions are reproduced in facsimile. A facsimile of a letter from Matthew Arnold, acknowledging the authorship of his Rugby prize poem, "Alaric at Rome"; and another of Tennyson's poem, "The Throstle," possess a melancholy interest. And so does the volume of Rossetti's "Relics,"—which comprehends among other items a set of pages from "The Germ," containing the story of "Hand and Soul," with frequent corrections in Rossetti's handwriting; a corrected proof of the Sonnet on the Mulberry Tree planted by Shakespeare and felled by the Rev. E. Gastrell,

"—deaf drudge, to whom no length of ears
Sufficed to catch the music of the spheres!"

and the first draft of the "Czar Alexander II." sonnet, the text of which differs in almost every line from that first published in "Ballads and Sonnets," and which may therefore be quoted here:

"From him did forty thousand Serfs, endow'd
Each with six feet of death-claim'd soil, receive
Rich lifelong freeborn land, whereon to sheave
Their country's harvest. Who to-day aloud
Demand of Heaven their Father's blood,—sore bow'd
With tears and thrilled with wrath; and burn to achieve
On every guilty head without reprieve
All torment by his edicts disallow'd.
He stayed the knout's red-ravaging fangs; and first
Of Russian traitors his own murderers go
White to the tomb. While he,—laid foully low
With limbs red-lopp'd, with blood-clogg'd brain which nursed
The Nation's charter,—from fell Nihil flown
No Nought finds now,—a witness at God's Throne."

Nearly all the *introuvables* of Mr. Andrew Lang are in this precious collection, many with brief inscriptions by their author; also a complete set of those by Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson,—booklets that are almost unknown beyond the circle of his literary friends, and would bring their weight in five-pound notes if offered for sale. These were printed by the author's stepson, Mr. S. L. Osbourne, and are as limited in the number of their pages as in the number of copies printed. One of the booklets is entitled "Not I, and Other Poems" (1881), and the last poem, reprinted from the catalogue, with apologies to Mr. Gosse, states that

"The pamphlet here presented
Was planned and printed by
A printer unindentured,
A bard whom all deery.

"The author and the printer,
With various kinds of skill,
Concocted it in Winter
At Davos on the Hill.

"They burned the nightly taper;
But now the work is ripe.
Observe the costly paper,
Remark the perfect type."

W. IRVING WAY.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

September, 1894 (First List).

Acting. Richard Mansfield. *North American*.
 Administrative Law, American. Ernst Freund. *Political Sci.*
 Africa, The Study of. C. C. Adams. *Chautauquan*.
 Aerial Navigation. H. S. Maxim. *North American*.
 Bar Harbor. Illus. F. Marion Crawford. *Scribner*.
 Battle-Songs. Laura A. Smith. *Lippincott*.
 Bells, Foreign. W. Shaw-Sparrow. *Magazine of Art*.
 Cane Sugar Industry, The. Illus. *Southern Magazine*.
 Catholicism and Apoloism. Bishop Spalding. *No. American*.
 Church Choir and Organ. C. A. Richmond. *Chautauquan*.
 Economic Principles Newly Stated. O. L. Elliott. *Dial*.
 English at the University of Nebraska. L. A. Sherman. *Dial*.
 Fiction, Recent. William Morton Payne. *Dial*.
 Greek Vase Paintings. Illus. *Magazine of Art*.
 Head-Lines. W. T. Larned. *Lippincott*.
 Heroine, Evolution of the. H. H. Boyesen. *Lippincott*.
 Home-Life in India: Child Marriages and Widows. *Forum*.
 Human Horses. W. R. Furness. *Lippincott*.
 Hunting in England. Illus. C. W. Whitney. *Harper*.
 Ice Age in New York. T. M. Prudden. *Harper*.
 Income Tax, The. Charles W. Buck. *Southern Magazine*.
 Law Reform, Am., Problems of. Merritt Starr. *Dial*.
 Monopolies, Capitalistic. J. W. Jenks. *Political Science*.
 Napoleonic Pictures. E. G. J. *Dial*.
 New York, The City and State of. *Political Science*.
 Parliament of Religious, Echoes of the. *Forum*.
 Physicians, Pay of. George F. Shrady. *Forum*.
 Poverty, Modern. W. H. Mallock. *North American*.
 Scotland, Peasantry of. W. G. Blaikie. *North American*.
 Scotland Yard, New. Illus. *Magazine of Art*.
 Southern Art. Illus. Wm. Sartain. *Southern Magazine*.
 Tapestry of the New World. Illus. *Scribner*.
 Tarahumari Life. Illus. Carl Lumboltz. *Scribner*.
 Teaching, The Freedom of. *Dial*.
 "Thanatopsis," The Origin of. J. W. Chadwick. *Harper*.
 Universities in France. Ch. V. Langlois. *Political Science*.
 Venetian Fêtes. Illus. F. Cooley. *Chautauquan*.
 West Virginia. Illus. Julian Ralph. *Harper*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, embracing 50 titles, includes all books received by THE DIAL since last issue.]

HISTORY.

London and the Kingdom: A History Derived Mainly from the Archives at Guild-Hall. By Reginald R. Sharpe, D.C.L. In 3 vols. Vol. I., with frontispiece, 8vo, pp. 506. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$3.50.
 A History of Germany in the Middle Ages. By Ernest F. Henderson, A.B. 12mo, uncut, pp. 437. Macmillan & Co. \$2.60.
 Centenary History of the South Place Society: Based on Four Discourses Given in the Chapel in May and June, 1893. By Moncure D. Conway, M.A. Illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 186. London: Williams & Norgate. \$2.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

The Life and Letters of James MacPherson. By Bailey Saunders. With portrait, 12mo, pp. 327. Macmillan & Co. \$2.50.
 Masters of German Music. By J. A. Fuller Maitland. Illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 289. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.75.
 Dictionary of National Biography. Edited by Sidney Lee. Vol. XXXIX., Morehead-Myles; 8vo, gilt top, pp. 452. Macmillan & Co. \$3.75.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Literary Associations of the English Lakes. By Rev. H. D. Rawnsley. In 2 vols., 12mo, uncut. Macmillan & Co. \$4.

Letters Addressed to a College Friend During the Years 1840-1845. By John Ruskin. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 210. Macmillan & Co. \$1.50.

An Introduction to the Philosophy of Herbert Spencer. With a Biographical Sketch. By William Henry Hudson. 12mo, pp. 234. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.

The Yellow Book: An Illustrated Quarterly. Vol. II., July, 1894; 8vo, uncut, pp. 363. Copeland & Day. \$1.50.

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